

CALLING ALL GIRLS

MARCH 1946 • 10¢

STORIES
FASHIONS
THINGS TO DO
GOOD LOOKS
MOVIES



Away with Fingertip Monotony...

Here's the newest
strategy of allure!

Daytime Drama for the Exciting Titian

Mrs. Ralph Bidwell Carter III
always changes her fingertip
make-up to fit each occasion.
For a suave afternoon costume,
she does the Dura-Gloss
"Quick Trick"—applies Dura-Gloss
Clover from the moons over the tips.



Daytime and Sports
costumes
from Mary Lewis
Jewelry from
George Jensen

Evening Elegance for the Radiant Blonde

Celia Babcock, of "I Remember Mama,"
loves this newest fingertip strategy. For
evening allure, she uses the Dura-Gloss
"Quick Trick" method—covers her
nails completely with Dura-Gloss Fuchsia.

Outdoor Strategy for the Striking Brunette

Theo Graham, fashion design
student, finds Dura-Gloss makes it
easy to change her polish for each
costume. Using the Dura-Gloss
"Double Quick Trick," she
applies Dura-Gloss Red Pepper
to her fingertips, leaving moons
and tips exposed, for a crisp,
outdoor costume.



GIVE YOUR NAILS THE SPICE OF VARIETY!

So Easy With Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" Technique



1. Quick Trick

For lasting fingertip al-
lure, try this method:
Apply one coat of Dura-
Coat—two coats of
Dura-Gloss polish. Quick
dry with Polish Dryer.

2. Double Quick Trick

When time is short, use
this Dura-Gloss method:
Apply one coat of Dura-
Coat—one coat of Dura-
Gloss polish. Quick dry
with Polish Dryer.

Every fashionable shade of nail polish
made is made by Dura-Gloss

It's charged with excitement...

DURA-GLOSS

Fingertip Allure

that *American Girl* look

There's no mistaking the clear-eyed,
straight-thinking, square-shooting American Girl.
So sure of herself, so modern. She knows fashion because she
makes it . . . chooses American Girl shoes
because they reflect in every line and detail the youth
and pep and endurance that youngtimers love.

550



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RUF-SAIL... PROCESSED FOREVER

TO REPEL RAIN...

AND IT WASHES TOO!

Comes up spanking
fresh from shower or
sudsing and will not have to
be reprocessed. Made of Ruf-Sail,
a weather-sturdy LUXOR*
fabric that's Sanforized, vat
dyed and treated with Du Pont
"Zelan". Teen sizes 10 to 16.
Oceanic Blue, Sea Mist Beige,
Foam Yellow. About \$8.00.
Hat about \$1.50.

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little girl guile... of Colonial Mills' rayon alpaca... Navy with lime, pink or blue apron-effects. Sizes seven to thirteen. About eight dollars.

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froth on a soda, the white eyelet
batiste bubbles up, decoratively for you.
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skirt, accents its freshness. Cut to fit, precisely,
girls 11 to 15, in sizes 7x to 13x. Skirt also in dark
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FROM YOU to US



Some like 'em in, most like 'em out

I notice that you have cut out the comics. But I like the idea very much because I find **CALLING ALL GIRLS** more interesting to read. It looks much more grown-up without those comics.

G. S., Milwaukee, Wis.

My friends and I are writing in protest against cutting out the comics. We prefer them to some of the stories.

E. C., Charlestown, Mass.

I'm all for keeping the comics completely out of **CALLING ALL GIRLS** and writing "The Victory Club" as it was written in the best issue of your magazine ever!!

A. M. C., Newport News, Va.

Couldn't you print "The Victory Club" and "Judy Wing" in black and white comic strips? I know many readers would enjoy the magazine more.

C. O'B., Quincy, Mass.

Your last issue of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, I think, has been the best issue you have ever printed, because of the simple fact you left out the comics. I have discussed this matter with my fourteen-year-old friends and they too have come to the same conclusion that your magazine is 100 per cent better without comics.

P. D., Perth Amboy, N. J.

I've noticed a great improvement since I first started reading your magazine. I like the stories much better. Hilda Terry's cartoons are darling, too. I think the comic strips made into stories is a great improvement.

M. A. K., Alliance, Ohio.

Could you read each issue twice?

I can't find one thing wrong with **CALLING ALL GIRLS** except that it isn't twins!

D. C. R., Oklahoma City, Okla.

You're right, it is fun!

I want to compliment you on your December issue. It was really wonderful.

For quite a while I've thought that I'd like to work on a magazine when I get older, and I al-

WHY don't people tell us these things?" is a pretty universal complaint, but we're not complaining. You do tell us, and almost always your letters set us up like everything, but sometimes we go down, down. But we always like to know what you think, and here, at last, we have a chance to publish excerpts from some of your letters. We hope more and more of you will write us—tell us what you like about the magazine, what you don't like, what you want to see in future issues. Tell us about yourselves—then we'll have a better idea of how to make *Calling All Girls* a better magazine for you. Address your letters to us at 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

ways thought it would be fun to work on a magazine like **CALLING ALL GIRLS**. But for a while your magazine certainly wasn't as good as it had been—so then I decided it wouldn't be very much fun—but when you came out with an issue like December, then I began thinking again that it would be fun to work on a magazine.

S. U., Madison, Wis.

Mother's day

One morning I went down to get my mail. When I came upstairs again I found the latch had slipped—I was locked out of my apartment eight and one-half hours! My daughter's copy of **CALLING ALL GIRLS** arrived in the morning mail. I sat on the stairs and read every word, cover to cover, including outside front and back. Am I glad my daughter got me to subscribe to it for her! I will have to reward her by seeing to it that she has it as long as she wants it.

I thought you might like to know your teen-age mag has reader-interest for a teen-ager's mother.

If there was a contest "Magazine I'd Rather Be Locked Out With," **CALLING ALL GIRLS** would surely get my vote. I will simply have to finish "Manhattan Mystery."

M. J. B. W., Haverford, Pa.

How do the rest of you feel?

Do you know about whom I'd like to read? It's Gene Autry! Some people seem to be interested only in the "swoon-boys," but although I enjoy them, too, I can't get that enthusiastic about them. In Gene's case though, I have real admiration for a star . . . I would say Gene is the personification of "genuine." So please, may we expect something about Gene Autry in **CALLING ALL GIRLS** soon? Boys aren't the only ones who like that cowboy!

D. W., Buffalo, N. Y.

Girl reporter on home-town paper

I have very definitely decided to make journalism my career, and I'm working at it now.

Through the Trades and Industry program of Oklahoma, a part of our school program, I began work on the Vinita Daily Journal at the beginning of my senior year in high school. T and I gives students an opportunity to earn while learning. . . . After I overcame my first timidity about approaching people, I decided to be a journalist instead of a school teacher. I began by writing the personal column—about people visiting here and there—servicemen's news, and other things. Before long I was writing for the front page, too. It all happened so gradually, I don't know how it came about. Before school was out we had a new reporter, and I was getting and writing front page news. When school was out I went on full time . . .

My younger sister enjoys **CALLING ALL GIRLS** as much as I. When the gang comes out, they all read it too, even the boys. My parents sometimes read it, too, as well as my older sister.

E. D., Vinita, Okla.

Most of us know better

I am a subscriber to **CALLING ALL GIRLS** and live in South Africa. I have heard that many Americans do not know where South Africa is and if they do, they believe that it is teeming with wild animals and savages. Do the girls and boys of America think this about us?

I. R., Natal, South Africa.



Dream Girl

OF

ΔT FRATERNITY

**GIVES WITH SOME
BEAUTY SECRETS**

It's the night for pledging on U. of Minnesota campus. All along sorority row are fraternity men, come to look over this year's crop of pledges. Members of Delta Upsilon eye Barbara Nelson, walking into the Kappa Alpha Theta house. And Barbara is rated this year's ΔT Dream Girl — prettiest pledge on the Minnesota campus!

Says Barbara, "I guess it all proves that the training rules for beauty do work. Snuggling down for eight hours' sleep every night. Giving your favorite sports a whirl — and regularly. (I'm a sailing and swimming gal, myself.)

"And eating right. The books all say three good meals a day — including breakfast. Which is a pleasure, when you eat the kind I do. I'm all in favor of Wheaties. My breakfast usually starts with a big bowlful of these lovely whole wheat flakes with milk and fruit. Wheaties are sweet as nuts — with a slight malt flavor. Taste wonderful." . . . Why don't you try Wheaties?



"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of

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Dress made of a **DUPLEX** fabric

Suit made of a **NORBROOK** wool shetland



"Daddy told me what to do," announced Carol as she staggered into the kitchen.

SLUG CONNELL, swimming coach extraordinary, rose wearily from the edge of the pool at the Toledo Club.

"Carol, Carol! How many times do I have to tell you you'll never win either event if you don't relax on those racing turns? Relax! Relax! Or lose."

"Oh, Slug, I've got to win at least one blue ribbon." Carol Gardiner pulled herself out of the water. "I've just got to."

"Why?" asked Slug bluntly. "We all like to win, of course, but what's so life-and-death to you about a hunk of blue ribbon in a swimming meet between Greenwood and a couple of other high schools?"

"Because I'm thick," Carol replied.

"Thick?" Slug was startled. "You seem plenty smart to me, except on those racing turns."

"Not thick-stupid," Carol explained. "Thick-thick. Even Daddy admits I'm overweight."

Slug's lips closed over his protest. If Dr. Gardiner said Carol was too fat, Carol was too fat. If Dr. Gardiner said the moon was green cheese, the moon was green cheese. No matter what Dr. Gardiner said, he was absolutely right; and that had been Slug Connell's opinion ever since one pain-filled day when he was a stranger in an eastern city. Dr. Gardiner, as unknown to Slug as the city had been, had appeared out of nowhere and said, "That's a pretty busted appendix,

BIG GIRL

Good things come in big packages,
too, but it took an oversize storm
to show Carol what Pamela's crowd
had known right from the beginning

By GERTRUDE CRAMPTON



"Connell but we'll see if we can fix you up." And he had, too.

So Slug Connell had been pleased to learn that Dr. Gardiner had left the big city and bought the house and practice of a small-town doctor in Greenwood just twenty-five miles from Toledo. Slug of course hadn't known about it until the November day the phone rang and Dr. Gardiner was at the other end of the wire.

"Well Doc," Slug had gasped. "What you doin' in this neck of the woods?"

"Fulfilling one of my lifelong ambitions," Dr. Gardiner had laughed. "I always wanted to be a small-town physician. Thanks to my wife, I finally got up enough nerve to leave the city and over the way I've always dreamed of."

Dr. Gardiner's voice lowered discreetly. "I'm calling you about my daughter Carol, Slug. She needs a certain type of exercise, and swimming would just about fit the bill. She's a fair swimmer now but she should work under supervision to keep her at it. I thought if you weren't too expensive, and the Toledo Club wasn't too expensive, we could send her over to Toledo every Saturday."

Slug grinned to himself. Doc, being new around these parts, wouldn't know that the Toledo Club was a private club. He'd manage a guess card without saying a word to Doc about it.

"Don't worry about the expense," he answered. "If your daughter needs swimming, she'll get it, and we'll figure out who owes who later. You didn't ask me how much dough I had when you operated on me."

So Carol Gardiner had come down from Greenwood every Saturday on the bus, and during the week she practiced in Greenwood High's new pool. Slug found her easy to work with, though pretty tense, and sometimes he wondered whether Dr. Gardiner knew that Carol's one and only interest in swimming was to beat the socks off everybody at the swimming meet Greenwood would hold in the spring to christen the new swimming pool.

"Has this being 'think got any tie-up with the swimming meet?" he asked as he blotted down alongside her at the edge of the pool.

"Well, in a way," Carol admitted. "I don't mind calling you, because you're in Greenwood."

When the first came to Greenwood, Pamela Shawn's mother and Ginny Getz's mother called on Slug. And I heard one of them say when Mather was out of the room and I was just coming in the house that "would be kind of cute if I was so thick."

"Thick is a pretty hard word to swallow," Slug commented.

"You're not foolin'?" Carol asked. "Well, see, the next week school started."

And Pamela Whatsit and the other one. Continued on page 59.

"Boy!" Allen glanced at her sharply. "Is that what you were doing out here?"



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"Well, in a way," Carol admitted. "I don't mind telling you, because you're not Greenwood."

"When we first came to Greenwood, Pamela Shawn's mother and Ginny Getz's mother called on mine. And I heard one of them say when Mother was out of the room and I was just coming in the house that I would be kind of cute if I wasn't so thick."

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"You're not foolin'," Carol agreed. "Well, see, the next week school started . . ."

"And Pamela Whatsis and the other one (*Continued on page 58*)

"Hey!" Allen glanced at her sharply. "Is that what you were doing out here?"

Maybe you're the kind of
girl this bright new star of the movies has
in mind when he says:

SHE'S FOR ME!

By **RICHARD LONG**
Featured Player in "Tomorrow Is Forever"



THERE are probably few things more important to a fellow of my age (I'm nineteen) than the girl, or girls, he dates.

I like to date a girl who is a good sport and has a sense of humor. By a good sport, I mean a girl who doesn't consider herself the pinnacle of sophistication. You know, one of those girls who basks in the sun like a goddess (I've met a few like that in Hollywood—and elsewhere) and considers all real fun in the light of childish pranks.

When it comes to what a girl should wear and look like, I will say just this much—I like a girl who is always dressed for the occasion and never overdressed to the point of being gaudy. As to looks, a few freckles neatly dispersed on a girl's face, and plain, untampered-with beauty have always appealed to me. A certain amount of make-up is swell, but too much is too much. Hair-dos and stuff like that I shall say nothing about. Who am I to dispute Dame Fashion?

What I like to do on dates—well, I've told you some of them (see the picture captions).

Probably the only thing I don't like to do on a date is to go to a party where nothing is offered but sitting around and vain attempts at wit. When I find myself dragged into something like that, I usually retreat out the back door for a long breath of fresh air.

After all is said and done, I would say that if I can find a girl who can stand me, I'm lucky!



The things I enjoy doing on dates are never too unpredictable. One of the most enjoyable ways I've found to spend a free afternoon or evening is to take in a concert, or get together with a gang and play records, sing, or exert our own talents along musical lines.



A couple of my weaknesses are a six o'clock breakfast date with eighteen holes of golf thrown in, or sailing a sloop into a sunrise on the bay. With some girls the idea is all right, but with most of them it isn't very popular.



If a crowd of fellows and girls go for a swim in the pool, it's hard to take if you're stuck with a slick number who cringes from every little drop of water because she's afraid it will ruin her new hair-do. Nope! That fragile kind of girl is not for me.

Speaking of dates, there's the old tried and true way of going somewhere to dance away the evening where the lights are low and romance runs high. Speaking of girls. I like the kind who enjoys sports, yet is a smoothie on the dance floor.

I like the type of date who can be a pal as well as a pretty thing to look at, a girl who can dabble in most of the milder sports. What matters isn't whether she's a blonde, brunette, or redhead, but whether she's a good sport and has a sense of humor.



TOPPERS on Parade

By NANCY PEPPER
Fashion Editor

Bridal and Beautiful—in top

Essays discuss and edit.

Deep umbrellas, collars

umbrellas, and not details are

features to look for. At your

nearest Official Headmaster store.

Price tags around \$15.

Left to right: Toppies by Goldshire,
Barbara Kinnear, Lar Hamblin, R.
and Alexander Hale by Deane, F.
and Telegraph. Gowns by Darnell.





TOPPERS on Parade

By **NANCY PEPPER**
Fashion Editor

Brief and Beautiful— to top

Easter dresses and suits.

Deep armholes, collarless
necklines, and soft details are

features to look for. At your
nearest Official Headquarters store.

Price tags around \$25.

Left to right—Toppers by Grafshire,
Barbara, Klittens' Ear, Bambury Hl.
and Alexandra Hats by Betmar, For-
tune, Leighton. Gloves by Dawnelle.

EASTER BONNETS

Isn't it wonderful what a hat can do? See how lavishly fashion designers produced the number of "Notables" Valen" into a lovely ensemble.



From New York million, John-Ford's "Notables" is a new look from London for M-L and Elizabeth Taylor. These classic high-collared, long-sleeved, black, dressy, in the modernized-style John-Ford's, Jr. 1950.

for ELIZABETH TAYLOR and YOU

Isn't it the very same remedy on YOU. From the sweetest-and-hat get something into this one. That's great! That's a pretty hat.

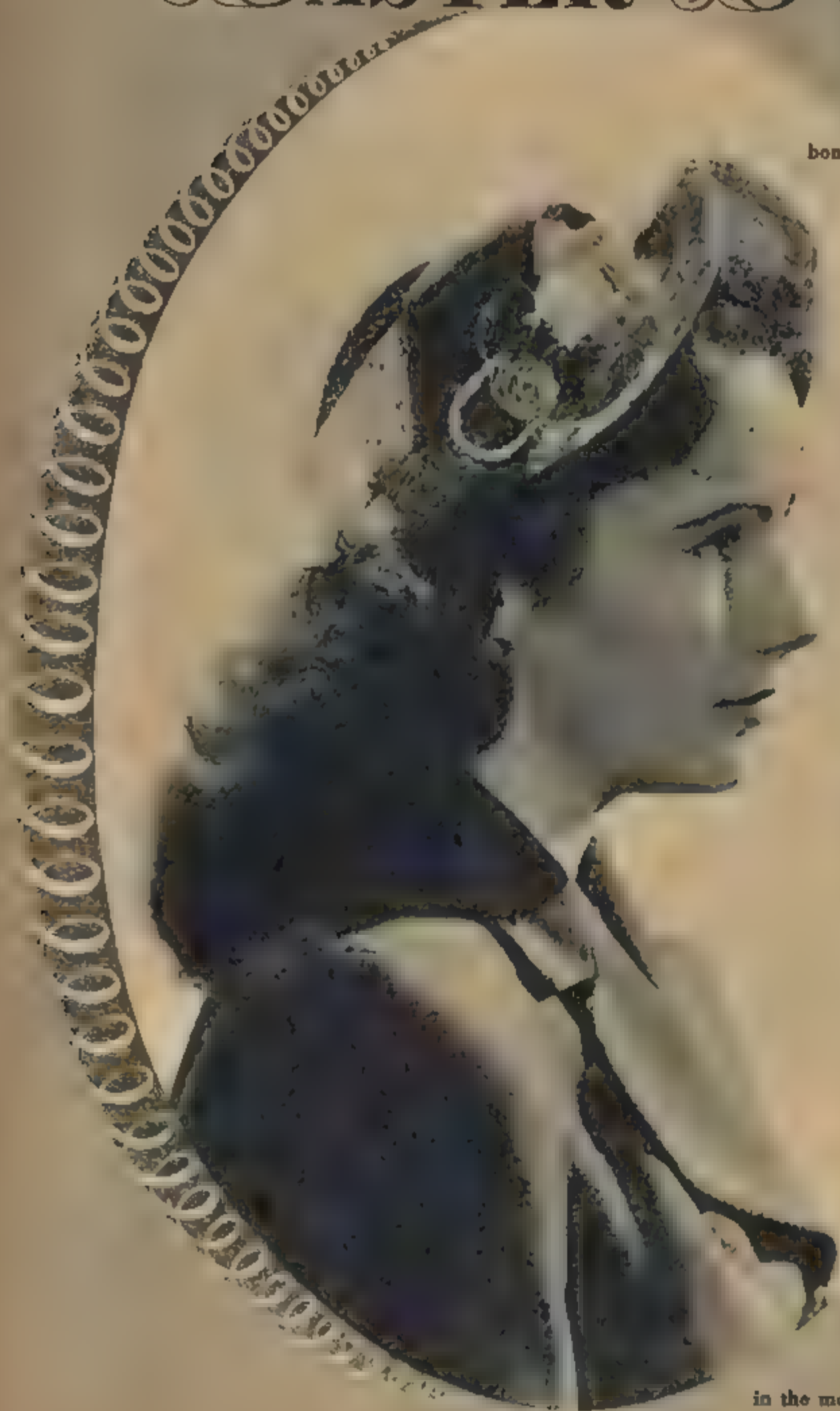


The great millioner Sally Virgin, wears a white straw bonnet with white lace and gold details. Watchman high collar. Synthesis from Cressie, wears it equally becoming in red and blue. Here is the Virgin's eye.

More fashions on pages 45, 46, 47

EASTER BONNETS

Isn't it wonderful what a hat can do? See how lovely Easter bonnets transform the tomboy of "National Velvet" into a teen-age smoothie.



Famous New York milliner, John-Frederics, creates a rose-laden straw bonnet for M-G-M star, Elizabeth Taylor. Westchester high-schooler, 15-year-old Nancy Leininger, looks dreamy in the moderately-priced John-Frederics, Jr., copy.

for ELIZABETH TAYLOR-and YOU

Let's try the very same remedy on YOU.

Presto, the sweater-and-skirt gal vanishes into thin air. There's potent magic in a pretty hat!



The great milliner, Sally Victor, concocts a white straw bonnet with taffeta bows and daisies. Westchester high-schooler, 15-year-old Joan Crowley, proves it equally becoming to real and Reel teens. Here is the Vic-Deb copy.

More fashions on pages 45, 46, 48.



Stub slapped his hand over her
mouth too late to smother her cry.
The man had leaped to the bench
and was flashing his light on them.

Mayor MARTIN'S DAUGHTER

Time and tide wouldn't wait for Connie
and her friends—and neither would the mystery boat

By RUTH BERMAN

WAS that the telephone, Connie?" Peggy Stone rolled over on her side of the double day bed and yawned sleepily.

"Yes."

"Who was it for?"

"Nobody."

"Well, for goodness sakes, lie down and relax then." Peggy bounced over on her stomach. "For somebody who can usually talk the ear off a statue, you're certainly acting peculiar, Connie Martin."

Connie, Peggy, and their two side-kicks, Cap Riley and Stub Stevens, were spending their Easter vacation in the country with Stasia Kubec, one of their classmates at the Central City High School. Stasia's family had a big house not far from the ocean, and all day long Stasia had led her friends around, pointing out her favorite spots. Tired but happy, they'd gone to bed early, but now the thought of sleep was gone from Connie's mind.

"Don't go back to sleep, Peg." She nudged her friend nervously. "There was something about that phone call that gave me the creeps."

"Please, Connie, not now. It's the middle of the night," Peggy grumbled into her pillow. "Besides, you promised you'd lay off mysteries this vacation."

"I know, but listen . . ." Connie drew her legs up under the blankets and clasped her hands around her knees. "When I picked up the phone, a man was shouting something about a boat that just went out. And the other man was very upset. He said to hold everything until he got dressed and came down." Connie shook her red head doubtfully. "Now, why would we get that call here in the Kubecs' house?"

"Ssh, somebody's coming."

Peggy sat straight up with a jerk.

"Did the phone wake you kids up?" Stasia Kubec switched on the light and padded over to the bed. "I forgot to tell you we have a party line out here in the country." She went on to explain how a number of phones were attached to the same line, and how each family had a special ring. "For instance, it's for us when it rings one long and two short."

"Oh." Connie frowned thoughtfully. "You wouldn't know, would you, Stasia, who gets two long rings and one short?"

"Sure." Stasia stretched out beside Peggy. "That's Ed Gold's ring. He's a writer from New York."

"Do you know anything else about him?" Connie persisted.

"Not much. He's new up here this year." Stasia looked at Connie curiously. "Why do you ask?"

"Connie's just dreaming up another mystery," Peggy tossed in lightly. "For the daughter of a small-town mayor, she has some tremendous ideas. You wouldn't think it to look at her, Stasia, but she once had us stalking a Nazi. Only he turned out to be an art collector."

"But just before I moved to Central City, she helped us round up a gang of bicycle thieves." Stasia hesitated. "I'll give you one lead on Ed Gold, Connie, if you'll tell me first why you're so interested in him."

Stasia's eyes widened as Connie launched into an explanation of the phone call. "It rang two long and one short, so it was for Ed," she figured slowly when Connie had finished. "The man who answered the phone—that must have been Ed—got excited when he heard about a boat going out, and said he'd be right down. Right down where, I wonder." Stasia

glanced toward the door, then turned back to Peggy and Connie. "I don't like to condemn people without evidence, but there is something peculiar about all this. You see, my sister Charlotte met Ed when he first came up here a month ago. They went out together a lot, but Ed wouldn't tell her anything about himself, except that he was a writer. And he flatly refused to show her anything he'd written. One day she stopped by his cottage unexpectedly while he was typing. As soon as he saw her, he tore the paper out of his typewriter and hid it under some books. Charlotte said he acted like a madman." Stasia's voice dropped. "Anyway, I guess they quarreled about it, and they haven't seen each other since. She's pretty unhappy, though, because she liked him a lot."

"That's a shame," murmured Peggy sympathetically. "I wish we could help."

"I wonder where he went tonight after he got that phone call," Stasia mused half to herself.

"That's it!" shouted Connie.

"What's what?"

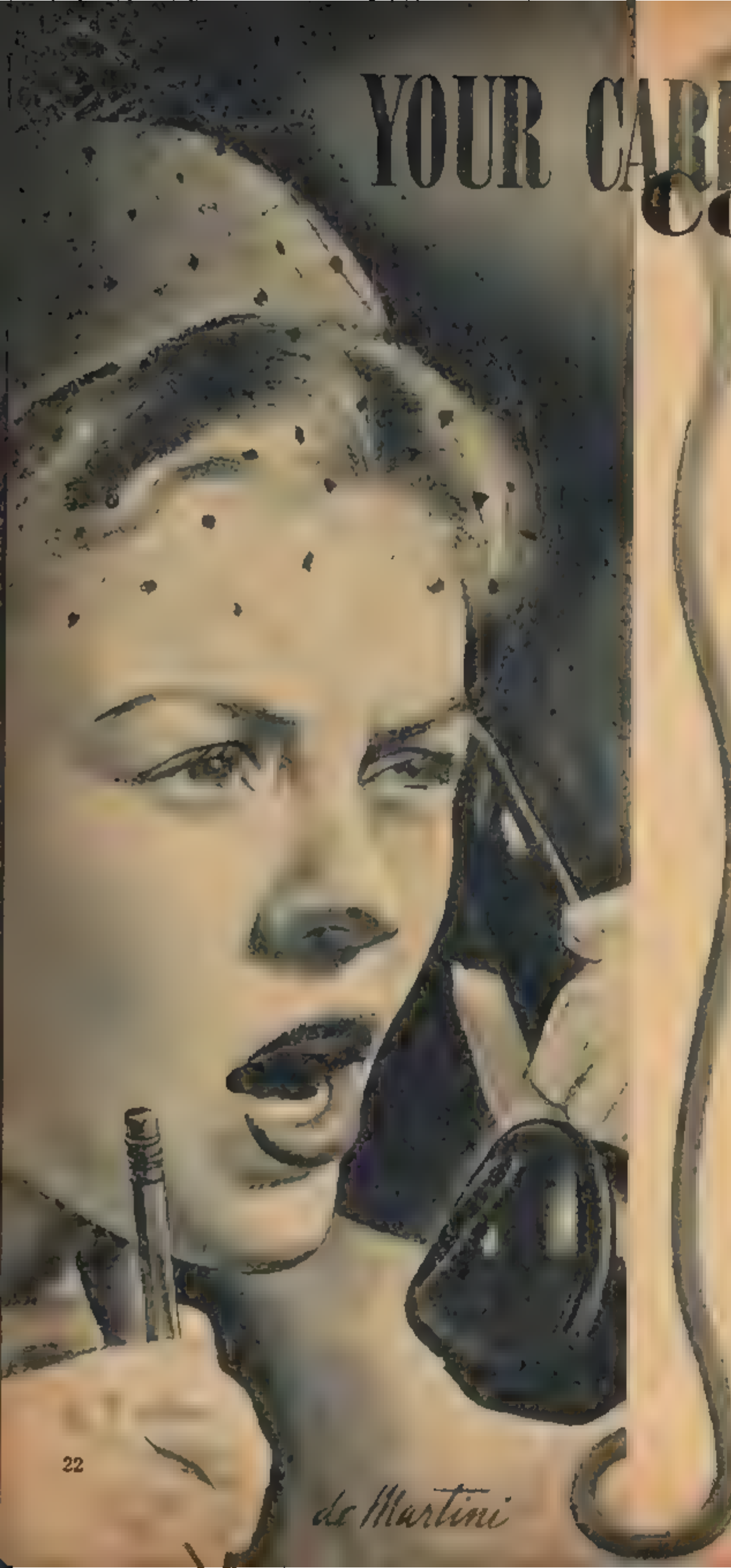
"Look," Connie explained patiently, "if Ed's involved in something around here, he's bound to get another midnight phone call. We can stick around for the next couple of nights, and if he does, we can listen in and follow him."

"That's a wonderful idea." Stasia beamed at Connie. "You're swell to want to help Charlotte this way."

"Oh, dear," wailed Peggy. "And I thought we were going to have such a peaceful vacation."

"Just wait'll the boys hear about this," giggled Connie. "It's going to be about as peaceful as the Fourth of July."

The fireworks began the very
(Continued on page 57)



YOUR CAREER Covering

The girl reporter has
to be able and sharp, no
doubt about it.

But if you can take it,
the news world is yours!

By EVELYN SEELEY

IF you want to be a newspaper-
woman, what I'm supposed to
say to you, brutally, right off
the bat, is this:

"You can't get a job on a news-
paper. Think of something else."

That's what they told me. Oh,
not my English teacher, who
wanted me to write, and not my
mother, who wanted me to do
what I wanted most. Only the
people who handed out the jobs,
or the friends who'd tried to get
newspaper jobs and failed.

But if, after I've told you this,
you decide you won't take "No"
for an answer, go right on reading.

The main thing is—you have to
want a newspaper job terrifically
in order to stand the wear and
tear of getting one. It will most
certainly be a tough process, un-
less your father—or your best
friend's father—owns a news-
paper. (And even that has its
drawbacks.) It will be just as
difficult these next few years as
it has been, because most of the
girls who have worked on news-
papers these war years are "war
replacements" and will have to
give up their jobs to returning
veterans. The fact that many of
them have proved valuable and
have stood the test in some spots
that were men's jobs before, will
speed up the slow progress of

"This story's hot!" So what? Don't
expect that to melt your city editor.

the NEWS

women on newspapers, but only at long range—not immediately.

For right now, if you are going to have to make your living—or want to—the best advice I can give you is to lead a double life. Hang on to the idea of newspaper work, but learn how to do something else to pay your way while you're waiting. When I go into my life history pretty soon, you'll see why.

But first, of course, size yourself up to be sure you're right in thinking you can succeed on a newspaper. Ask yourself some questions along these lines:

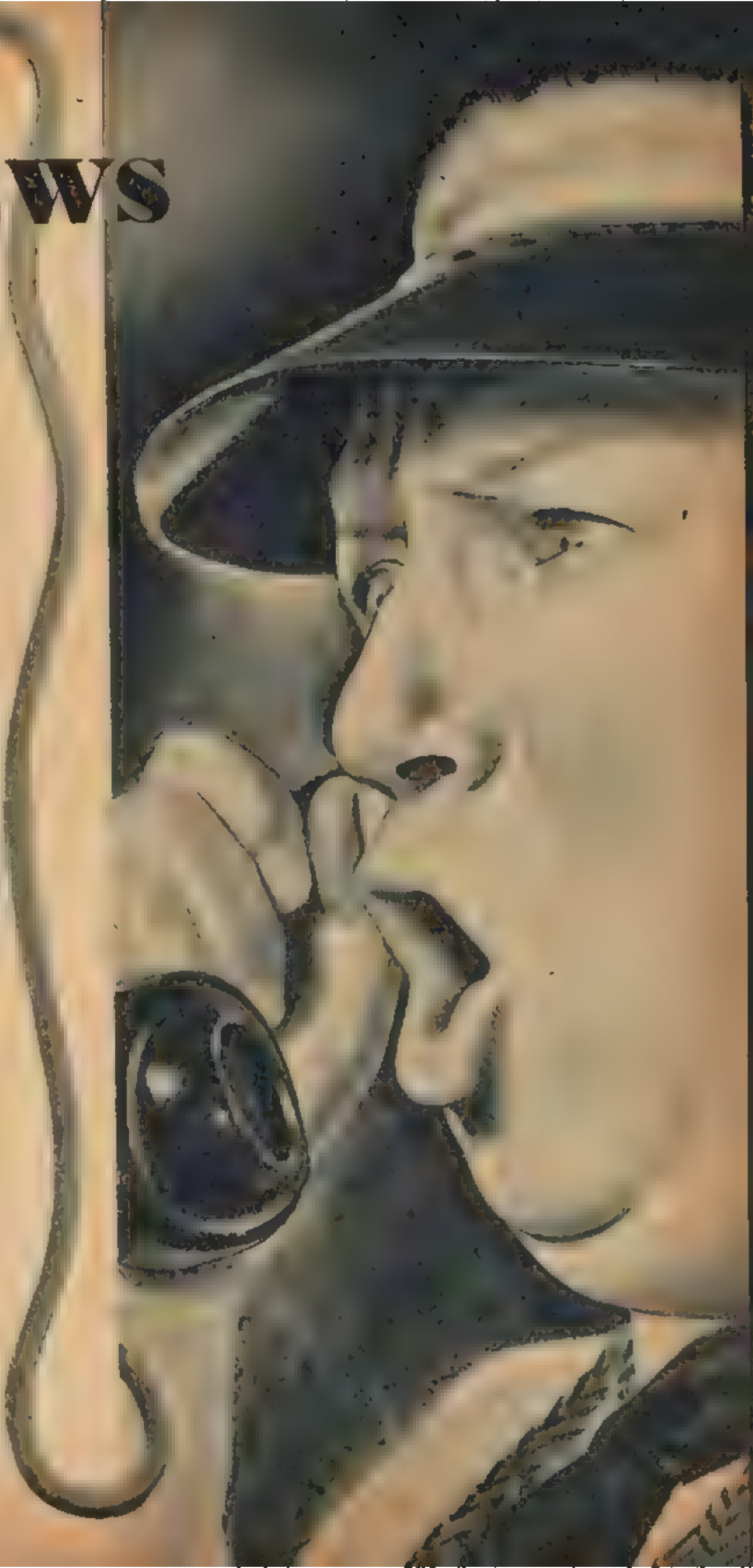
Do you like people, all kinds, and want to know a lot more about them, what they think, how they got the way they are?

Are you curious about all the things going on in the world, not only in London or Tokyo, but also in Scarsdale or Kokomo? Are you interested in the Parent-Teacher meeting and the local Chamber of Commerce as well as in the affairs of the Big Three? Can you stand the home-town, maybe slightly dull doings, as well as big-time glamour?

Do you want to write news—big or little—for a deadline, or slightly slower and fancier feature stories of passing interest? Or is it the Great American Novel or Great American Short Story you want to write? If the latter is your main idea, you'd best drop out as a prospect before the city editor drops you. It's fine to want to write novels or short stories; many reporters do, and they get much material and understanding of characters by working on a newspaper. But I think the newspaper job should be an end in

(Continued on page 54)

If you're good, be better! That's why editors seldom coo—often roar.



STREET TALK YOUR ROOM

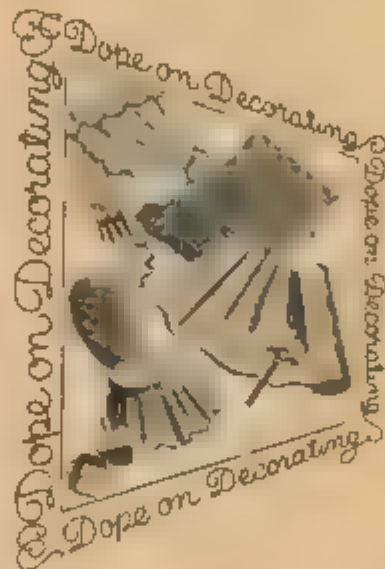
**Four Northwestern University
co-eds show you how to make a small room larger**

By MAXINE LIVINGSTON
Decorating Editor

HOW to make the most of small space is the problem that confronts most sisters who share one bedroom. Whether the two of you room together in harmony or whether you have frequent words about who's using whose space depends on how cleverly you plan the arrangement of your room.

And because many girls have asked for help in arranging or decorating a small room which they share, we were delighted to be able to assign this problem as a semester project to the Home Furnishings Class at Northwestern University. It's an unusually interesting course in that its purpose is solely to help the students plan the furnishings for their future homes. So we asked the teachers, Mrs. Ruth W. Lee and Mrs. Louise T. Bolender, to

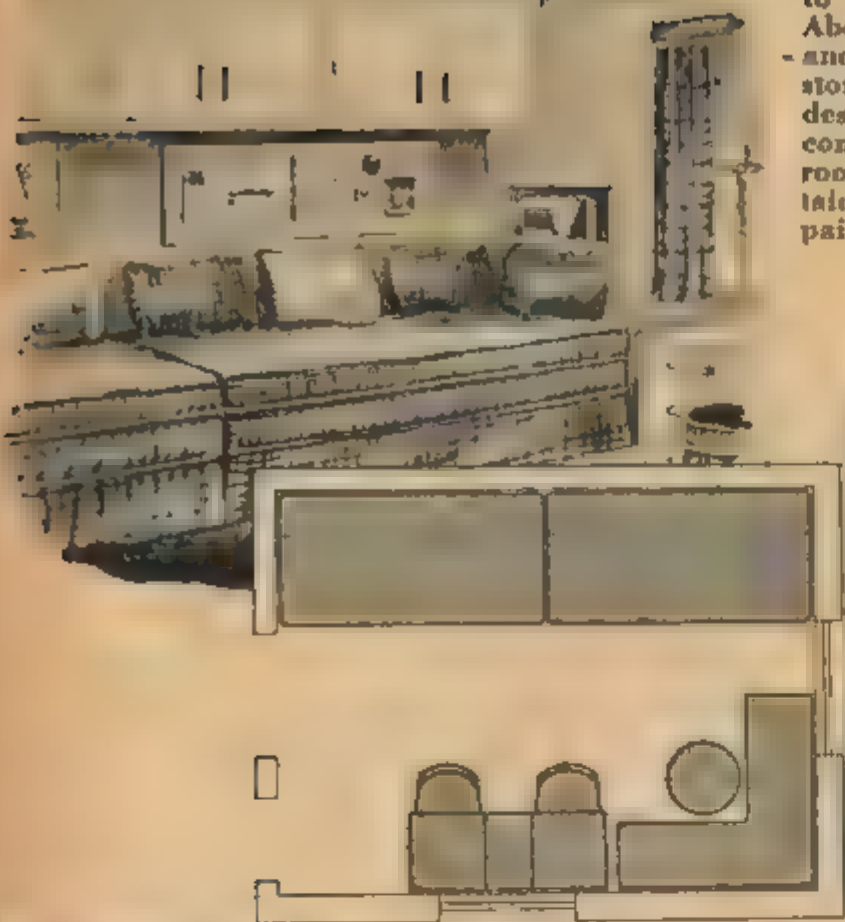
have the students develop as many solutions as possible to the share-the-room problem. There were no limitations on the layouts of the rooms, the number of windows, locations of doors, types of furnishings, or color schemes. Such details were left to each co-ed's own discretion. There were only two restrictions—the size of the room could not be larger than 9' by 12', and the rooms must be suitably planned and furnished for teen-agers. As many of you know from experience, 9' by 12' isn't any too much space for two growing girls who have separate hobbies and interests, to say nothing of separate possessions. But we received so many excellent solutions that we're inclined to think it isn't such a problem, after all, (Continued on page 61)



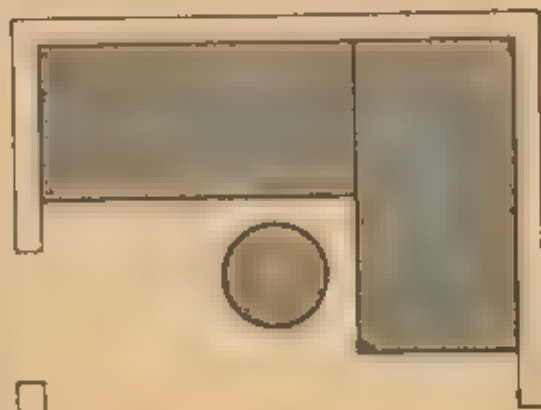
Both sisters share and share alike in Nancy G. Stiles' plan. Each has a built-in closet, dresser, and desk; there's even a built-in drawer under each bed for storage. Wardrobes, built to ceiling, have top cupboard space. Girls have drawer space in chests at end of wardrobes and low chests inside closets. Curtains and bedspreads are red, striped in yellow and gray; rugs are gray.



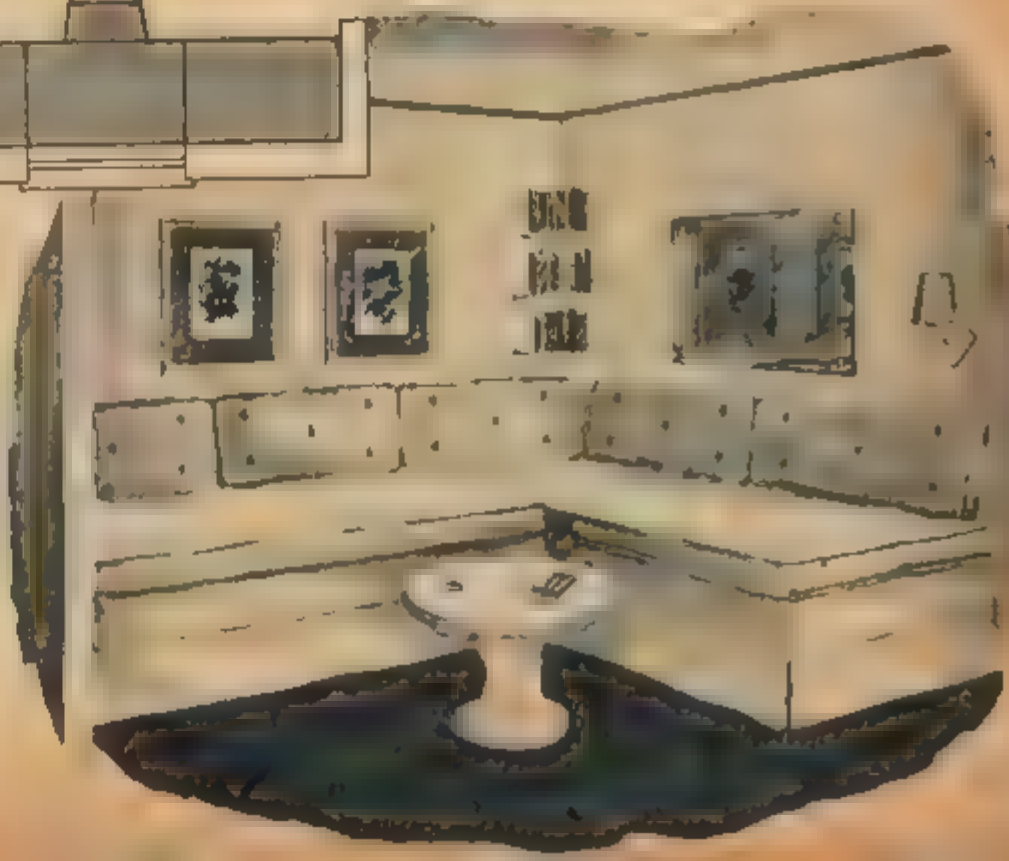
Priscilla Armstrong places two low couches end to end along the entire east wall of her room. Above the head of each bed are a reading light and built-in shelf for books and radio. Note storage space over beds. Each girl has her own desk and dresser, and shares only the stool in common. Priscilla introduces a gay note into this room through the green-blue-yellow plaid curtains, bedspreads, and chair coverings. Walls are painted light green; rugs are darker green.



Above—There's privacy for both girls in Laurane Clemmer's plan, and each has plenty of room for her clothes and books. Desks are placed flush against beds to save space; over them are hanging bookshelves. Note that chests are placed side by side with one good-sized mirror over both. Color scheme of room is blue and ivory.



Left—Here's a very simple plan by Marian Gabrielsen, but one that fulfills every need of two school girls. Chests were purchased unpainted and given a coat of clear varnish. Desk was made by attaching a plank between the chests with cleats; the desk top, incidentally, helps to conceal radiator. By placing the couches at right angles, Marian conserved space and had a cozy sitting corner at the same time.





MANHATTAN MYSTERY

Chasing a thief through the crowded subways had Jenny and Bob gasping—until someone else caught up with them!

By ADAM ALLEN
Author of "New Broome Experiment"

THE STORY UP TO NOW

The package which the little old lady on the train entrusted to JENNY WHITMAN just before they reached New York City, and asked her to check with her own bag, plunged Jenny and her new friend,

BOB CRANDALL, into a whirl of excitement. A strange man tried to get the check for Jenny's bag and forced her and Bob to go with him in a cab to Greenwich Village. They were rescued by

LIEUTENANT WILSON, who said he was a plain-clothes detective. He told them the cab driver had reported to the police, and took them to Grand Central Station to get Jenny's bag, saying he would return the package to the little old lady. Jenny and Bob spied the friendly cab driver and ran to thank him. He denied having reported to the police. When he learned that Lieutenant Wilson hadn't shown them any credentials, the cab driver cried, "He's no policeman!" They ran toward the check room, but Lieutenant Wilson grabbed the package and took to his heels. Now go on with Chapter V.

DOWN a passageway, around a corner and around another corner they ran—Jenny and Bob and the cab driver. And up ahead of them ran Lieutenant Wilson, the precious package held tightly under his arm.

"Only he isn't Lieutenant Wilson," Jenny reminded herself. "But who is he then?"

She found, however, that she couldn't wonder and run at one time, so she gave up trying to figure things out. In spite of the fact that he was carrying her bag now, Bob still managed to stay just enough ahead of her so that she could feel a tug at the hand he held.

And the cab driver, middle-aged and plump, was right

beside him. Jenny bent all her efforts to keep up with them.

But it wasn't easy. There were hundreds of people in the passageway through which they were hurrying, and it was constantly necessary to detour around women shoppers with armloads of bundles, bronzed, bewildered-looking soldiers with overseas bags, men trying to read their newspapers while they walked, and girls intent on conversation.

"Oh! Excuse me. Excuse me," Jenny found herself murmuring breathlessly at nearly every step.

She kept expecting that Bob, the cab driver, and she would all emerge into the outdoors, but somehow they never did

"There he is!" Jake muttered. "Just beyond the lady in that funny hat."

de Martini

leave the busy corridor. Could they just be running in a great circle? Surely this passageway ended somewhere?

Suddenly they were tumbling down a flight of steps and the crowd around them had increased. And then the cab driver was thrusting them through a turnstile—bewildered, Jenny watched him put three coins in a slot beside it before they could get through—and then they were descending another flight of stairs. They raced along a dimly-lit passageway at the end of which was a platform. Alongside it stood a short, crowded train, and a moment later the cab driver was shoving them into the last car.

Jenny felt elbows dig into her ribs, and she ducked her head to avoid a wide hatbrim. More and more people forced their way into the car, until she thought she could scarcely breathe. Except for the comparatively fortunate few who occupied the seats, the others stood jammed tightly together, shoulder to shoulder, back to back. For a brief, illuminating moment she understood for the first time exactly what people meant when they spoke of being "packed in like sardines." That's just how she felt.

The door in the side of the car through which they had entered slid slowly shut, and Jenny held her breath while the man who was half in and half out, and who looked as if he would be crushed, forced his way inside. Despite the numerous people between him and her, she could feel her body compressed into an even smaller space as everybody was moved backward slightly to make room for him.

Frantically her eyes sought her two companions. Yes, there was Bob, directly in front of her. She recognized the tweed shoulder her chin was thrust against. And out of the corner of her eye—it was almost literally impossible to turn her head—she could see the cab driver's round, hard-set jaw.

"What is this?" she asked. "Where are we going?"

The cab driver slanted his glance around toward her, and there was a faint twinkle in his eyes. "This is what is called the cross-town shuttle—and in the rush hour, too. Probably one of the most terrifying experiences in all of New York. If you live through it you'll be entitled to call yourself a New Yorker."

The train began to move and the whole crowd of passengers lurched to the left and then straightened. Jenny thought wildly that at least you couldn't fall; there was no room to fall in.

"It's only a short ride," she heard the cab driver say in her ear. "The shuttle connects Grand Central and Times Square, several blocks away—and gives you a chance to transfer from one of the subway lines to another."

A thrilling, chilling
new serial story

The Mystery at Blue Valley Farm

written especially
for you—and you—and you
by **MARGUERITE ASPINWALL**
author of "The Desert
Calling" and "Where Is Sylvia?"

starts in the next issue of

CALLING ALL GIRLS

You won't want to miss it!

Bob turned his head as far as he could and murmured, "Is he on here too? Or did we lose him?"

"He's here—somewhere." The cab driver was speaking in a normal tone of voice, but the roar of the train made it scarcely audible. Jenny had to strain her ears to hear him. "I saw him get on, anyway—and once you get inside one of these cars you can't get out until the end of the line."

"We've got to watch our step when we leave though," the cab driver went on. "There's half a hundred directions he might take. He may go outside into Times Square—and that would be pretty hopeless at this hour; the sidewalks will be jammed. Or he may stay underground and take a subway. All right now. Here we go."

The train ground to a stop, the door opened, and the crowd surged out. Jenny would have fallen forward from the pressure against her back, but she was steadied by Bob's hand at one of her elbows and the cab driver's at the other.

"There he is!" the latter muttered, dragging them along. "Just beyond the lay in that funny red hat."

"Yeah. I see him."

The size of the crowd, all mov-

ing forward together, made it almost impossible for anyone to go faster than his neighbors, and for several hundred feet the red hat and the rakishly-tilted brown felt that belonged to the pseudo-Lieutenant Wilson remained visible up ahead.

They were on an underground platform divided into aisles by ropes. A uniformed guard shouted monotonously, "All right. Keep moving. Keep to the left. Keep to the left."

Going past them in the opposite direction—toward the train they had just left—was an equally large crowd. Jenny thought incredulously that there just couldn't be this many people in the world. There *couldn't* be.

"All right, now. Watch it."

Their progress had taken them up a few stairs, and at the top of the brief flight a narrow passageway opened off to the left. There was also a wide aisle continuing straight ahead, and at the end of it Jenny could see turnstiles, swinging gates, and signs indicating exits to the street and stairs leading to subways.

"O.K. I see him. Stick with me."

She and Bob pressed forward, their quarry completely lost now as far as they were concerned, and then they were hurrying downstairs and into another train waiting at its foot. This one was crowded, too. Not quite so crowded as the shuttle, Jenny thought to herself; but maybe she was getting accustomed to New York travel, and it only seemed so. The train door slid shut and they were traveling again.

This time the three of them were pressed together in a kind of vestibule at the end of a car, and the cab driver—"Call me Jake," he'd said, in response to a query from Bob. "The full name's Jakobowsky but that takes too long"—studied the crowd in the inner section of the car.

"I know he got on here," he muttered, "but . . . O.K. There he is."

The train slowed and stopped, and Jenny could see the station signs reading 34TH STREET—PENNSYLVANIA STATION.

"He's leaving!" Jake grabbed them and thrust them out the vestibule door, and there began another of those nightmare dashes through underground passages. This one was interminable. The

(Continued on page 64)

SHOP TALK

Take a bit of courtesy
in with that cash, and you'll find
shopping's fun for all

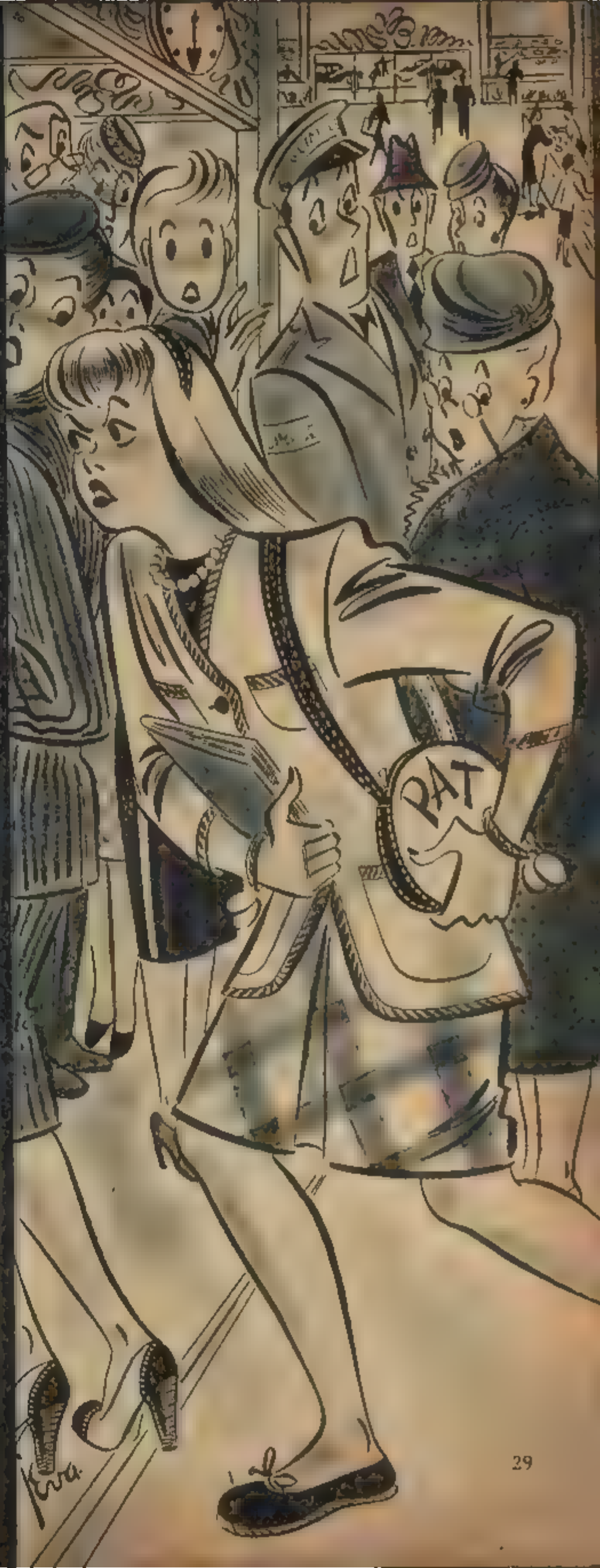
By NANCY H. BOSS

THE outside is always right. Store keepers are saying again and again in public. But we often wonder how store people have stuck by that time-worn slogan so long, even though during the war it sometimes seemed that they'd changed their minds. The customer is often far from right, either in attitude or in manner. Think of the many cartoons depicting the hat-pulling and scenes at sales counters. There's too much truth in that humor for comfort.

It's agreed that shopping is something anyone can do if she takes her purchases along, but we'd like to stress the importance of taking along a supply of good manners and common courtesy. You may feel yourself to be a rather inconspicuous figure in the hurly-burly of a big department store and you may feel that this relative inconspicuousness gives you license to show politeness aside and catch it, catch it, because you don't expect to see anyone you know anyway. The pettish attitude certainly isn't fair to the other shoppers who are important whether you know them or not. It's not even fair to yourself.

Let's start at the front door. At even the side door of a department store and work up. Those "in" and "out" on the door are not whimsy. They're almost traffic police and just as quick to be obeyed as real live ones. Disobey them, and you'll scramble up a traffic snarl that will make you quite an unpopular character.

A large department store is indeed a confusing place. You (Continued on page 79)





MATTERS that MATTER

Produced by LILLIAN GLICK. Screenplay by LILLIAN GLICK. Directed by LILLIAN GLICK.

Greer Garson's a better match for Clark Gable than Scarlett O'Hara was when he played Rhett Butler. Scarlett lost him, Greer takes him in "Adventure." Librarian Greer's rival is flashy, good-hearted Joan Blondell. (MGM)

Left—If today's stars grow older as gracefully as Lillian Gish has done, we'll have no lack of charming character actresses in years to come. As Miss Susie in "Miss Susie Slagle's," she is what every girl wants to become, a lovely lady. Miss Susie boards medical students, among them Sonny Tufts in his first serious role. He is surprisingly good. (Para.)

Below—John Payne is a shy country lad in "Wake Up and Dream," and Connie Marshall is his little sister. Made from Robert Nathan's gentle tale, "The Enchanted Voyage," the film tells of Mr. Peckot's home-made boat and of its hopeful voyage through the Louisiana bayous in search of Connie's brother when he is reported lost at sea. (20th C-Fox)





Could it be that Van Johnson and Keenan Wynn are worried over that studio gossip about their waistlines thickening? Looks as if they're out to prove the rumor false. And, indeed, what could be flatter than the midriff exhibited here? There's a lot of sophisticated society in their Technicolor film "Easy to Wed." But before the film is over, Van turns mob-bish socialite Esther Williams into a nice, wholesome girl (the kind he prefers), and Wynn pairs off with Lucille Ball, as everybody's happy. (MGM)



Laurence Olivier in the film version of "Henry V" ought to start a stampede for courses in Shakespeare's plays. Made in England and photographed in Technicolor in the very countryside the English kings battled for, the film is a masterpiece. (U. A.)

Below right—Our luxuriously feathered friends in the shrieking plaid shirts are Bing and Bob off on another laugh road, "The Road to Utopia." It takes them to Alaska in Gold Rush days and, of course, Dotty Lamont is among those present. The shaggiest dog in screen history attaches himself to the boys and almost brings about their downfall. It's a riot! (Para.)

Roy Rogers has his hand tied in "Along the Navajo Trail" by gypsy Estelita Rodriguez, who stily includes herself in his fortune. This is the gayest, most funfuf film Roy has made—you'd like it a lot. (Rep.)

Alfred Drake had the original lead in "Oklahoma" and here he is singing to Janet Blake in his first movie, "Tare and Sparo" from the U. S. Coast Guard's stage show. Dancer Mary Platt looks on wistfully. (Col.)



some of player-explorer's work of math

*Above— his captives & crew. The guard. And the
and the... : ...*

[illegible]



Behind the Dials with

That music in the air—and glamour—is

By ELEANOR HITESHEW

EVERY day, all over America, several thousand disc jockeys, on a fistful of stations, conduct their platter-chatter sessions. Teen-agers pretending to do homework, housewives scrubbing the kitchen floor, double dates in after-dark spots—all of them listen faithfully, write as much fan mail to their favorites as to any movie star, and blindly buy whatever product the jockey recommends. The record spinners have zoomed to favor so fast that there are on the air more shows of this type than of any other, and they are so popular, they often pull listeners away from the splashy, live-talent shows on the networks. What's more, the topnotchers earn fat salaries, equal to that of a tycoon.

Being a disc jockey isn't the cinch job some people think. He or she must be an extra-personable type who has enough voice magnetism, imagination, and sales sense to make a record session.



Above—Tune-twirler Dick Gilbert started something by crooning with the records he plays. Smooth-o!

Below—Art Ford, maestro of the Milkman's Matinee, snatches a snack in the studio, and who can blame him? That extra-curricular gurgle—you can't hear it unless you're up with the sun—may be Art pouring himself a cup of breakfast coffee between numbers. Another wire—will Art please play your all-time favorite? He will!



the DISC JOCKEYS

your pet platter-spinner's touch of magic



peppered with commercials, the kind of show that gets a dial twister to focus on his station not only temporarily, but come back for more the next day, the next month, and always. Individualists all, the deejays have assorted methods. Some of them are dignified, others are jazzy. Some speak of their products with reverence, others insult their sponsors. There are those who talk back to the records and those who sing along with them. They stage stunts like breaking bad recordings over the air or inventing a set of mythical characters who are supposedly lurking around the studio. Often they interview guest celebrities during the program; just as often they mimic them mercilessly, and burlesque the big-name shows. Whatever they do, their admirers eat it up and their well-satisfied sponsors beam over sales.

This program phenomenon hit the air waves about twelve years ago.
(Continued on page 80)



Above—Dick captures a real, live guest, Andy Russell, to—surprise!—double for his own singing discs.

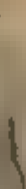
Below—Yes, Martin Block speaking. All alone at the telephone? Yes, but you'd never know it—because he makes you think he's broadcasting his tunes from the glamorous Make Believe Ballroom, one of his disc-flipping programs. Must be a long record that has no turning, or how else could he shave while the platter spins?



Photo
by [illegible]



That drab-looking dark dress, that slumpy
and that sharp sweater and skirt do they look as good on
you as they did in the store?

[illegible]

Now she wears
new figure 28-30

2747

Drooping Drusilla—She goes up where she should go down, and down where she should go up, and hemlines and waistlines follow suit. The thick middle and the flat chest are definitely poor figuring for the Joan Lord skirt and Ladyarn sweater she is wearing.



There's a smooth new sweater girl



The FIGURE of Fashion

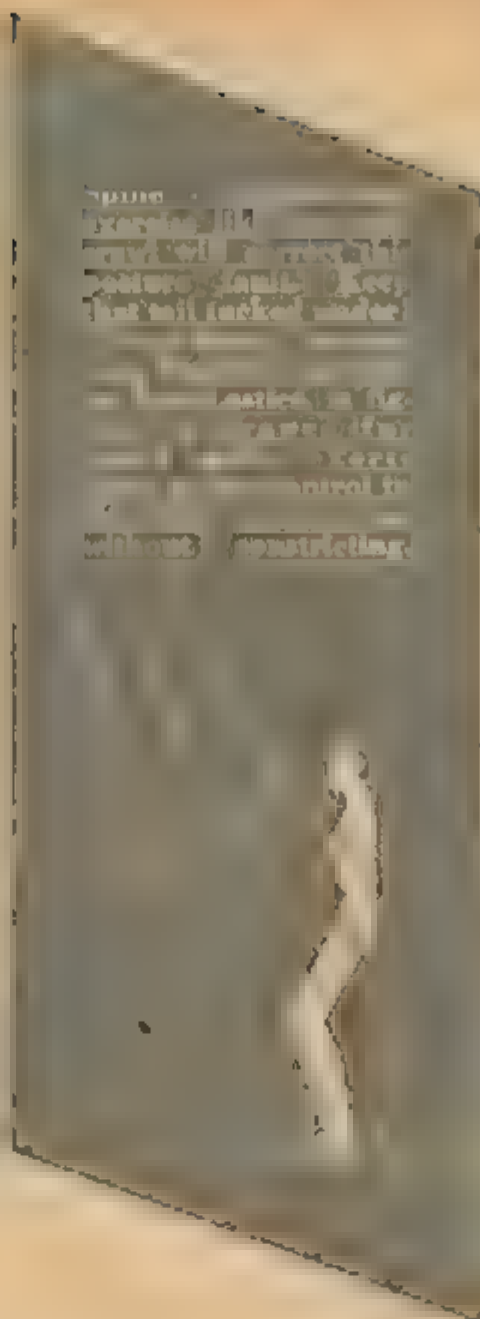
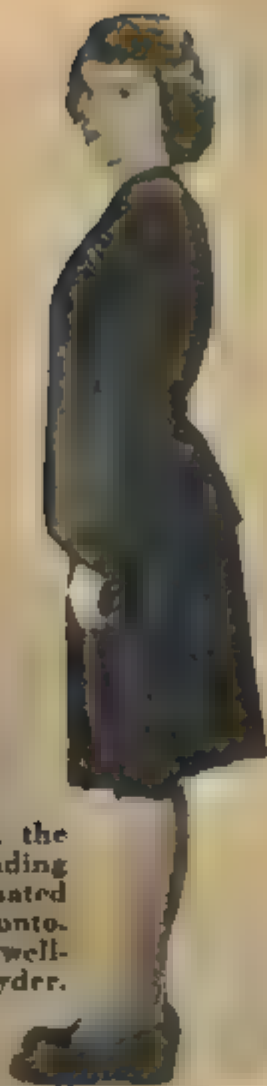
That droolsome date dress, that slurpy suit, that sharp sweater and skirt—do they look as good on you as they did in the store?

By **LOUISE CARLISLE**
Good Looks Editor

IT'S up to you to put a good shape inside good clothes—I don't expect them to correct or hide your figure faults. These are some of the most common causes of the cry, "It just doesn't look right on me." Do you recognize yourself here? Don't be discouraged! You can bring your minus appearance up to 100 per cent by facing the facts squarely and doing a bit of homework on your own figure. So, sister, pull in that waistline, straighten up that spine—and get yourself well-cut teen foundation garments to give you *Lines*.

Awkward Annie—Drooping shoulders, pushed-up hip, lax neck create a lumpish, lopsided, unattractive figure. Even her pretty Junior-ette date dress hangs like a sack on Annie and she looks about as alert as a melting ice-cream cone.

Lordosis Laura—The hollow in the middle of the back, the protruding rear, will become more accentuated each year unless corrected pronto. And look what happens to that well-cut navy suit, by Dan Snyder.



Trim and Terrific now.



Now she writes a new figure—20-20.

Is a figure fault your good-looks problem? Do you want to work at correcting it? Send for the leaflet "All Members in Good Standing" which gives directions for exercising self-improvements—yours for a large envelope stamped and addressed to yourself.

Good Looks Department No. 10
CALLING ALL GIRLS
52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of "All Members in Good Standing."
I enclose stamped self-addressed envelope.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

JUDY WING

Cindy's strange behavior
had everybody in a tizzy until Judy
jumped to the right conclusion

By ANNETTE TUNNGREN
Author of "Mystery: Miss the Miss"

YOU can stop her noise any time" mumbled Judy Wing sleepily and dug her head deeper into the pillow. Then she sat up straight, blinking. "Why is someone pounding on the outside door?" she gasped, and scrambled to her slippers and robe. A minute later she drew back the bolt on the outer door of the apartment school for boys and found it open. On the steps, blinking up at her with wide, frightened eyes, was a young girl in a gray fur-trimmed hat and hood. Two crawling huge nod on the steps beside her.

"I thought I'd never wake you," he girl said with a hitch catch in her voice. "Are you—are you Miss Wing?"

"Yes, I am," Judy frowned. "But—"

"I'm Cindy Lane," said the girl. "I want to jump to fly."

Judy swallowed an impulse to laugh. She wanted to say, "A few kind of the right," but she didn't the girl looked so serious—and so miserable.

"You'd better come in," she said kindly. "How did you get here?" "By cat?" And when he girl nodded, "And he dumped you on the steps?"

Twenty minutes later Judy peeped in the door of Cindy's and led to a small room of the faculty wing. The girl, placed she'd been able to find for her unexpected guest, and asked, "Run away from home, Cindy?"

"Cindy's back lashes swept down. She took a long deep breath. "It's not exactly home, Miss Wing."

Judy didn't quite clear the words, but when she shared tonight it was herself no luckily she'd have no trouble getting down.

Judy threw her a quick look. "We'll talk about that in the morning. But you might as well know you can't stay. We've all the students we can handle and a wing waiting for the Besides, it just isn't done this way. An airplane."

Cindy's eyes brimmed over. "I've got to stay!" she said desperately. "Can you—just this once—oh, please?"

"Look," said Judy severely. "There are other flying schools. Why did you pick this one—and at such an unearthly hour?"

"I've heard about you, Miss Wing. Cindy took a deep breath. From a friend. And I knew you could teach me to fly. Oh, please, I'll do anything—anything for you or anything. I'll just tell me."

"Hemph!" Judy looked scornful. She thought a moment then slid off the bed. "Well, she said hesitantly, "go to sleep. Report to me right after breakfast. I'll see what we can work out."

She fled from Cindy a great-tide and strode down the corridor to her own room. There she gave her pillow a vicious punch and snipped off the light. "Sofie!" she growled. "Pushover!" Judy Wing, you idiot!

Information, Judy discovered the next morning, was something Cindy Lane just didn't give. Judy bang away from the interview in exasperation.

"It's probably he arrested for kidnapping," she explained to her boss, Mr. Barker, after her session with the determined "Ludy." "But I'll risk that. I've a hunch, Mr. Barker, I can get much out of her but I think she's flown before. Let me take her on as a special student, and see what she can do. If she's no flatter, how do you discourage a stray puppy who's decided to adopt you?"

"Search me," said Mr. Barker helplessly.

So Cindy Lane stayed.

Judy took her up on a ladder that afternoon just to let her get the feel of the air. When she saw that Cindy was perfectly at home in a plane she ordered her to take the stick. Judy's eyes narrowed when she saw with what ease Cindy followed instructions. As soon as Judy had "used a right turn," Cindy moved the stick to the right. A word from Judy and—Continued on page 76





JUDY WING

Cindy's strange behavior
had everybody in a tailspin until Judy
jumped to the right conclusion

By **ANNETTE TURNER**
Author of "Mystery Hides the River"

YOU can stop that noise any time," mumbled Judy Wing sleepily, and dug her head deeper into the pillow. Then she sat bolt upright, blinking. "Why, it's someone pounding on the outside door!" she gasped, and scrambled for her slippers and robe. A minute later she drew back the bolt on the outer door of the aviation school dormitory and flung it open. On the steps, blinking up at her with wide, frightened eyes, was a young girl in a gray hurricane coat and hood. Two traveling bags stood on the steps beside her.

"I thought I'd never wake you!" the girl said with a little catch in her voice. "Are you—are you Miss Wing?"

"Yes, I am," Judy frowned. "But . . ."

"I'm Cindy L-Lane," said the girl. "I want to learn to fly."

Judy swallowed an impulse to laugh. She wanted to say, "At this hour of the night?" but she didn't, the girl looked so hopeful—and so miserable.

"You'd better come in," she said kindly. "How'd you get here? By cab?" And when the girl nodded, "And he dumped you on the steps!"

Twenty minutes later, Judy perched on the foot of Cindy Lane's bed in a small room of the faculty wing—the only place she'd been able to find for her unexpected guest—and asked, "Run away from home, Cindy?"

Cindy's dark lashes swept down. She took a long time answering. "N-not exactly, Miss Wing."

Judy didn't quite clear the trees, but when the chute caught, it was loosely so, luckily, she'd have no trouble getting down.



Judy threw her a quick look. "We'll talk about that in the morning. But you might as well know you can't stay. We've all the students we can handle and a long waiting list. Besides, it just isn't done this way. An applicant . . ."

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"Look," said Judy severely. "There are other flying schools. Why did you pick this one—and at such an unearthly hour?"

"I'd—heard about you, Miss Wing." Cindy took a deep breath. "From—a friend. And I knew you could teach me to fly. Oh, please, I'll do anything—scrub floors or anything—if you'll just let me . . ."

"Hmmp!" Judy looked scornful. She thought a moment, then slid off the bed. "Well," she said hesitantly, "go to sleep. Report to me right after breakfast—I'll see what we can work out."

She fled from Cindy's gratitude and strode down the corridor to her own room. There she gave her pillow a vicious punch and snapped off the light. "Softie!" she growled. "Pushover! Judy Wing, you idiot!"

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"Search me!" said Mr. Barker helplessly.

So Cindy Lane stayed.

Judy took her up in a trainer that afternoon just to let her get the feel of the air. When she saw that Cindy was perfectly at home in a plane, she ordered her to take the stick. Judy's eyes narrowed when she saw with what ease Cindy followed instructions. As soon as Judy mentioned a right turn, Cindy moved the stick to the right. A word from Judy and (Continued on page 76)





Always Belittlin'?

If you've earned the applause, take your bows gracefully. There's a happy medium in modesty.

By HELEN CLANCHINO



IT happened in the day room of a big Army hospital one evening when a group of junior canteen hostesses were entertaining the patients. A private was talking to a pretty girl with curly hair and he asked her, "Do you play ping-pong?"

"Oh, yes, I just love it," the pretty girl beamed.

"Are you a very good player?" the private persisted cautiously.

"Heavens, no!" the young hostess laughed.

So when the table was free, they went over and the girl served first. She stepped several feet back from the table, grasped the paddle in a businesslike manner, and proceeded to send the little celluloid ball across the net with a speed that left the private and those on the sidelines gasping.

The game lasted no time at all because the girl rolled up twenty-one points without even seeming to make an effort. Once she drove the ball into the net and once she sent it spinning off the table, so the poor private collected two points, but the rest of the time she demonstrated a wicked cut, tremendous speed, and a gift for placing the ball where the private wasn't.

By the time they put down their paddles, there was an ominous expression on the private's face.

"I thought you weren't very good at ping-pong," he reminded her.

"Oh, this was just dumb luck. Really!" the girl insisted with some embarrassment, but the private walked off muttering, "What kind of double talk is that?"

She thought she was being supremely modest. He thought she was going in for double talk. We thought we could understand the feelings of the Queen when she ran around screaming, "Off with her head!"

Maybe the pretty (Continued on page 73)

And there's no girl who plays ping-pong so well until the guests have exhausted themselves begging him to perform before they finally agree.

JABBERWOCKY and

JIVE

By SALLY PEPPER, Fashion Editor

THE HUBBA-HUBBA

TIME out for an investigation of this Hubba-Hubba hobbub. When a swoon-gal passes by, you bet the boys give out with a low whistle, followed by a double or triple Hubba. Then, used as an adjective, it fits right into a slumber party symphony—and you'll hear that vision behind the curls and vanishing dream say, "He's positively Hubba," and she's not referring to her father either. Well, let's take a closer look. **HUBBIFUL START**—Didn't Hubba-Hubba start with Bob Hope? Please let us know if we're wrong and we could be!

CINEMATICS—And didn't we prove more Hubba-Hubba on screen when we saw the Laramie Scott movie, "You Came Along"? Some movie characters gave out little Hubba-Hubba tags as part

of their explanation of that movie, and we saw lots of high-schoolers flaunting them on their sweaters. **WORDS AND MUSIC**—And now isn't one of your favorite songs, "Hubba-Hubba," as intoned by Perry, the Comic, in his movie "Doll Face" and on that wheezy wax up? Definitely. A tune for ever!

HUBBA WEARABLES—You'll want one of these drink can holders. Hubba-Hubba, we say, in the midst with nicotards. And we already give you each drink with a Hubba, written in real paint on the heel of each shoe. Then, there's the new lid for slush

has a ribbon slipped through the nearest typewriter and unprinted words of Hubba.

HEAVENLY HUBBA—We darn you to a new hubba. Fashion for a Heavenly Hubba. It's the



"But I can't break this habit. Besides, I don't know what well enough."

name for his slurpiest concoction, his lushest touch. Could he bargain with his cream, with chocolate syrup, with macchamallow with peanuts. You take it from there—far away, please.

Well, knock me over with a Hubba, if those aren't Vital Statistics!

MODERN MOTHER COOKS—Toto, Toto, the pipin's son. Stole a pig and away he ran. Toto was tall, the pig was small. And all he got was one meat ball!

RAMELYN—The phone rings, and they look around.

I can't control a blud. He's not in love as I'm exasperated. Ya, she's not a girl. My father's not my every day. Although they'd like to spike it. It's only "Puppy Love," boy say—"A Dog's Life," is more like it.

ESTHER LANGEFANG

Don't think you teens are the only ones to have a language all your own. Just listen in on any Hollywood movie get (and don't you wish you could.) and you'd think the director was just about

to launch an atomic bomb. What'll you hear some of this blood curdling conversation. It's groovy as a movie. **KILL THAT SPOT**—Turn out that light. **HIT THAT BROAD**—A broad is a black board in darkest light. By hitting the broad, the electrician avoids direct lighting on the set.

STRIKE THE SET—Dismantle the stage setting—we've finished with it.

SHOOT OFF THE CUFF—To make the picture while the script is unfinished. The director is a little bit of a screw. Nobody knows how it'll all come out, excepting nobody ever finds out.

KILL IT—Stop everything. Usually yelled in anything but honeyed tones when everything goes wrong when a scene

is. **W. P. THUR**—A guy says it when an actor muffs his line.

YOU—he would take Lana Turner.

IT'S A HOT NIGHT

WRAP IT UP FOR LUNCH—Not an order at the corner delicatessen, but permission to stop work for lunch. It's the pause in the picture.

GIVE IT TO THE PICTURE—That's the director's way of saying, "That takes it O.K."

IT'S IN THE CAR—The picture is finally finished. As the director talks far on his face, a crew member says, "It's in the car."

A SWEEPER—That's what every producer of B pictures has on his hands—"cos a 'sweeper' is a quickie that turns out to be a hit."

Now, in case you ever meet Van Johnson, you'll know who he's talking about if you're lucky.

Now, in case you ever meet Van Johnson, you'll know who he's talking about if you're lucky.

Now, in case you ever meet Van Johnson, you'll know who he's talking about if you're lucky.

Now, in case you ever meet Van Johnson, you'll know who he's talking about if you're lucky.

Now, in case you ever meet Van Johnson, you'll know who he's talking about if you're lucky.

climbs concludes to Ben.

SAFETY-NOTES—**FUGITIVE FROM A GRAPE**—FRUIT—How to call someone a "squirrel" the hard way.

MESS KIT—Your pocketbook, and we're only saying it because it's true!

WHISTLE DEAN—Boy with crew on.

RADAR—A post-war synonym for smooth and swonderful.

V.I.P.—GL for "Very Important Person."

WALKER TIR-ON—Girl with a good voice. Could be Ginny or Dinah.

GHASTLY—Your favorite word for everything damn days.

ROGER DODGER—It would be easier to say "O.K." but not half as much fun.

I HEAR BEAM—G.A.D. in case you're all out of the picture.

STUPORKAN—Superman in reverse.

NIGHT SHIRT
I'll never get my homework done. It's midnight and I've just begun. Of course, it had to be midnight. When certain parties telephoned. Then, too, I simply couldn't cope with Ancient History AND Bob Hope.

And, by the time that Bob was through.

I had my hair and nails to do. Oh, evening duties are so myriad. I think my stars for Study Period!

SET WORDS
See you, and your favorite radio or screen comedians. Here are the expressions you've made your own. Everybody wants to get into the act!

YOUR FATHER'S MISTAKE
Just a popular exclamation from the ditty that Woody Herman delivers with such gusto.

YOU'RE SORRY!—Said kindly ruefully with the accent on the "You're," as Charlotte Greenwood does it, on the air.

A GUY COULD GET KILLED HERE—They said in "Sherry of G.I. Joe," and you say it when you make your entrance into a crowded cafeteria on a Saturday night.

I THINK IT'S ALL VERY DUMB
Well, to the contrary, or in a more subtle way, it's a very nice way of saying you think it's all very dumb.

NO MORE ANY—You're now saying "No more any" and

on the beach and Gene

hit movie

KISABLE—You now

it for your name in

"Guns With"

WHAT DID MY FINE

PIERCE DO?—This

smooth thing to say when

you're nonplussed, which

is often.

ATOMIC DA MANAGER

SPEAKIN' R—re-

mark the film and movie



"My attention would wack and perfectly if I could figure some way to pay back what I borrow."



"The four walls she lost from. She shouldn't have dated him in the first place. She knows I always get a get me close into her date."

JABBERWOCKY and

HUBBA HUBBUB

TIME out for an investigation of this Hubba-Hubba hubbub. When a smooth gal passes by, hear the boys give out with a low whistle, followed by a double or triple Hubba. Then, used as an adjective, it fits right into a slumber party symphony—and you'll hear that vision behind the curlers and vanishing cream say, "He's positively Hubba," and she's not referring to her father, either. Well, let's take it from there.

HOPE-FUL START—Didn't Hubba-Hubba start with Bob Hope? Please let us know if we're wrong—and we could be!

CINEMANTICS—And didn't we grow more Hubba-Hubba conscious when we saw the Elizabeth Scott movie, "You Came Along"? Some movie theaters gave out little Hubba-Hubba tags as part

of their exploitations of that movie, and we saw lots of high-schoolers flaunting them on their sweaters. **WORDS AND MUSIC**—And, now, isn't one of your favorite songs, "Hubba-Hubba," as intoned by Perry, the Como, in his movie "Doll Face" and on that whacky waxing? Definitely, a tune for teens.

HUBBA WEARABLES—You'll soon see a Petiteen dress with "Hubba-Hubba" written on the skirt with rickrack. And we already see lots of slick chicks with a "Hubba" written in nail polish on the heel of each shoe. Then, there's that new fad for white hair ribbons, slipped through the nearest typewriter and imprinted with lots of Hubbas.

HEAVENLY HUBBA—We dare you to ask the Casbah Fizzician for a "Heavenly Hubba." It's the



"But I can't break this date, Freddie—I don't know him well enough."

name for his slurpiest concoction, his lushest mush. Could be banana with ice cream, with chocolate syrup, with marshmallow, with peanuts. You take it from there—far away, please.

Well, knock me over with a Hubba, if these aren't Vital Statistics!

MODERN MOTHER GOOSE

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run,
Tom was tall, the pig was small,
And all he got was *one meat ball!*

FAMILY FUN

The phone rings, and they look amused,

I can't control a blush,
Kid brother yells, as I'm excused,
"Yah, sister's got a Crush!"
My parents kid me every day,
(Although they'd like to spike it),
It's only "Puppy Love," they say—
"A Dog's life," is more like it!

LETHAL LANGUAGE

Don't think you teens are the only ones to have a slangage all your own. Just listen in on any Hollywood movie set (and don't you wish you could!) and you'd think the director was just about



"It's her fault she lost him. She shouldn't have dated him in the first place. She knows I always try to get my claws into her date."

JIVE

By **NANCY PEPPER**, Fashion Editor

to launch an atomic bomb. Wait till you hear some of this blood curdling conversation; it's groovie as a movie!

KILL THAT SPOT—Turn out that light.

HIT THAT BROAD—A broad is a black board to deflect light. By Hitting the Broad, the electrician avoids direct lighting on the set. See?

STRIKE THE SET—Dismantle the stage setting—we've finished with it.

SHOOT OFF THE CUFF—To make the picture while the script is yet unfinished. The director shoots it scene by scene. Nobody knows how it'll all come out, and sometimes nobody ever finds out.

KILL IT—Stop everything. Usually yelled in anything but honeyed tones when everything goes wrong, which is often.

BLOW UP—That's what they call it when an actor muffs his lines. (Well, he *would* take Lana Turner to Ciro's last night!)

WRAP IT UP FOR LUNCH—Not an order at the corner delicatessen, but permission to stop work for lunch. It's the Pause that Refreshes.

GIVE IT TO THE PUBLIC—That's the director's way of saying, "That take is O.K."

IT'S IN THE CAN—The picture is finally finished. As the director falls flat on his face, he breathes, "It's in the Can."

A SLEEPER—That's what every producer of B pix hopes he has on his hands—'coz a "sleeper" is a quickie that turns out to be a hit.

Now, in case you ever meet Van Johnson, you'll know what he's talking about—if you're suffi-

ciently conscious to hear him.

DAFFYNITIONS

FUGITIVE FROM A GRAPE-FRUIT—How to call someone a "squirt" the hard way.

MESS KIT—Your pocketbook, and we're only saying it because it's true!

BRISTLE BEAN—Boy with crew cut.

RADAR—A post-war synonym for smooth and swoonderful.

V.I.P.—G.I. for "Very Important Person."

LUSH THRUSH—Girl with a good voice. Could be Ginny, or Dinah.

GHASTLY—Your favorite word for everything these days.

ROGER DODGER—It would be easier to say "O.K.," but not half as much fun.

DREAM BEAM—O.A.O. (in case you find yourself one on Sadie Hawkins day).

STUPORMAN—Superman in reverse.



"My allowance would work out perfectly if I could figure some way to pay back what I borrow."

NIGHT SHIFT

I'll never get my homework done. It's midnight and I've just begun. Of course, it had to be postponed When certain parties telephoned. Then, too, I simply couldn't cope With Ancient Hist'ry AND Bob Hope.

And, by the time that Bob was through,

I had my hair and nails to do.

Oh, evening duties are so myriad

I thank my stars for Study Period!

SEZ WHO?

Sez you, and your favorite radio or screen comedians. Here are the expressions you've made your own. Everybody wants to get into the act!

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE!—Just a popular exclamation from the ditty that Woody Herman delivers with such gusto.

YOU'RE SORRY!—Said kinda ruefully with the accent on the "You're," as Charlotte Greenwood does it on the air.

A GUY COULD GET KILLED HERE—They said it in "Story of G.I. Joe," and you say it when you make your entrance into a crowded canteen of a Saturday night.

I THINK IT'S ALL VERY DUMB—Well, you and Shirley Temple have something in common there. Only, of course, she kissed and told.

ANCHORS AWEIGH—Your new way to say "Good-bye," inspired by that Frank and Genevieve movie.

KIBBLE—Your new word for "gag," as in "Guest Wife."

WHAT DID MILDRED PIERCE DO?—The smooth thing to say when you're nonplused, which is often.

ARCHIE, DA MANAGER, SPEAKIN'—It replaces the old and somewhat worn "For whom does the bell toll?" as a telephone greeting. Where do you think this is—Duffy's Tavern?

GINGER PEACHY—It's Jack Benny's. Now it's all yours—finder's keepers!

Well, Burn me to a Crisp and Call me Bacon, if you solid Teens don't up and take the words right out of their mouths!

Let's Talk Things Over with ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

In your fine, friendly, motherly advice to your many feminine readers, I believe you have overlooked one small minor item—us boys! I respect your advising the girls to maintain a "reserved attitude" toward boys, but I believe some of your results are rather extreme. I have batted my head against a brick wall for about a year now, in a vain attempt to receive some sort of recognition or token of appreciation from my girl. To say her attitude has been cool is to put the case mildly. I wish that you had at some time hinted that it isn't a crime, or something to be ashamed of, to discreetly let the boy know whether or not the girl really appreciates his company. I have no desire to make this a romance (at this time), but I certainly would be delighted to have her show a little more interest in me. Can you help me?—John B., aged 17, Texas.

MANY things go into the making of character and personality. There is the quality of the home, the kind of parents one has, the friends that one makes, the school one attends, the community lived in, one's religious or ethical experiences or influences, the books one reads, and so on! (Not to mention the things one is born with—making each of us quite different from the very start.) All of these factors go into what may be called character, in surroundings which we call the "culture pattern."

John may think his girl's reserve means that she is not particularly interested in him or does not feel as kindly toward him as she might. But he must ask himself how she acts toward others. Is her conduct modest, quiet, and retiring generally? Does she have what some people describe as "dignified" or "ladylike"

ways? And, granting even that John finds these traits sweet and attractive, are there some other special feminine qualities he values more? Is he greatly attracted, let us say, to the gay, bantering, full-of-pep type, one who is quick to respond with humor—and affection? If so, does he want to make this girl over so she will more truly become his dream-image? He need not feel guilty of any terrible offense if this is so. Such drives in human beings are quite common. But if we are wise we learn to accept people for themselves—and find in them things to respect and love.

We hope John doesn't really believe that we have "overlooked one minor item—us boys." In the first place, boys are not minor. From the thousands of letters we have received, we can assure him

that boys play a leading role with female audiences. We do not ever want to give the impression that we do not heartily approve of girls giving boys their rightful share of appreciation and recognition. We couldn't possibly take all the blame—or all the credit—for the "reserved attitude" of John's girl-friend.

Some girls take longer to show interest. They want to wait until they are more certain of their feelings. Young people can discuss many things together. Such talks will help them establish standards of conduct, and broaden their knowledge of customs and traditions, things which keep their values pretty permanently, and things which may be modified to meet changing conditions. What Johnny needs is a willingness; first, to accept his girl friend for what she is and for what she is growing up to be, and, second, to permit her to make up her own mind about her conduct and ideas.

We are sorry we cannot print his entire letter for it is a fine one and he describes his girl very eloquently. Since she is only sixteen and John himself is just seventeen, he has the good sense to realize—and to say—that neither one is ready for real romance "at this time."

I don't think my mother understands me. I used to be popular, but for two years I've had to take care of my brother all the time. He is five years old, but my mother doesn't ever let him play alone. I'm not allowed to play with kids my own age because Mom is afraid Tommy will get lost. I have to come in at 7:30 or 8:00 every night because that is his bedtime. I love my brother but I don't think this is fair. Do you?—Betty R., aged 14, California.

(Continued on page 50)



"Mrs. Zeiger, will you sign this petition the neighbors are getting up, asking my mother to stop my piano lessons?"



SHAKE 'EM UP

M-m-m stands for
Malted, and here's how you
make them that way

By JANE RICHARDS
Food Editor



The best way to get them cold is the shaker, milk still chill from the refrigerator, and a little ice.

A STATISTICAL wizard once got interested in snacks. He asked all kinds of people—football pros, models, subway guards, college students, dishwashers, debutantes—what they liked to snack on, and wrote down all the answers. The lists are fascinating reading. People snack on the most peculiar things, including pumpkin seeds, but two items turned up on every list—crackers and jelly, and malteds.

That wouldn't surprise any fountain fan—malteds are as close to liquid lunch as you can get in one glassful. Fine to stave off the pangs of hunger, and just plain good to drink. It doesn't take a soda jerker to make them, though—you can run up your own at home.

The first requisite is a jar of malted-milk powder, which is dried milk plus extracts of malted wheat and barley. It is usually plain, without any added flavor. There are several brands which are flavored, generally with chocolate. If you are really a

"malted addict," you will want both kinds on hand.

Next requisite is a shaker. "These drinks are 100 per cent better if very cold or very hot. The best way to get them very cold is the shaker, milk still chill from the refrigerator, and a little ice. You can't just put the ice in the glass—it melts and ruins the whole business.

The hot malted is one of the most relaxing and warming of drinks. It certainly hits the spot when you come in from a hike or the movies, or after skating or skiing. Taken up to bed in a big glass, to drink after you're between the sheets, it will put you to sleep practically before you swallow the last mouthful.

Hot Chocolate Malted

If you're using a flavored brand, simply follow directions on the package. If you're taking care of the flavor yourself, heat 1 cup of milk for each person to be served. Don't let it boil; boiling changes the flavor and makes it "skin" (Continued on page 62)

JUNIOR
HOUSEKEEPING
DEPT.

Whistle Bait—You'll whistle, too, when you wear a whistle in your hair. Or you may want to wear two or three of different pitch as a necklace.—*Eleanor Achenbach, Arlington, Va.* Smooth—that's what they'll say when you wear a silver buckle from one of Mother's old dresses on your black velvet choker and another buckle on the wrist band!—*Eloise Mancell, Monmouth, Ill.* Surprise yourself and your friends by making a belt for your dress from one of your bandannas and a large curtain ring. Draw the two ends of the bandanna through the curtain ring and wind them in and out until the ring is completely hidden and the belt is secure.—*Edna Sue Hertzog, Dallas, Tex.*

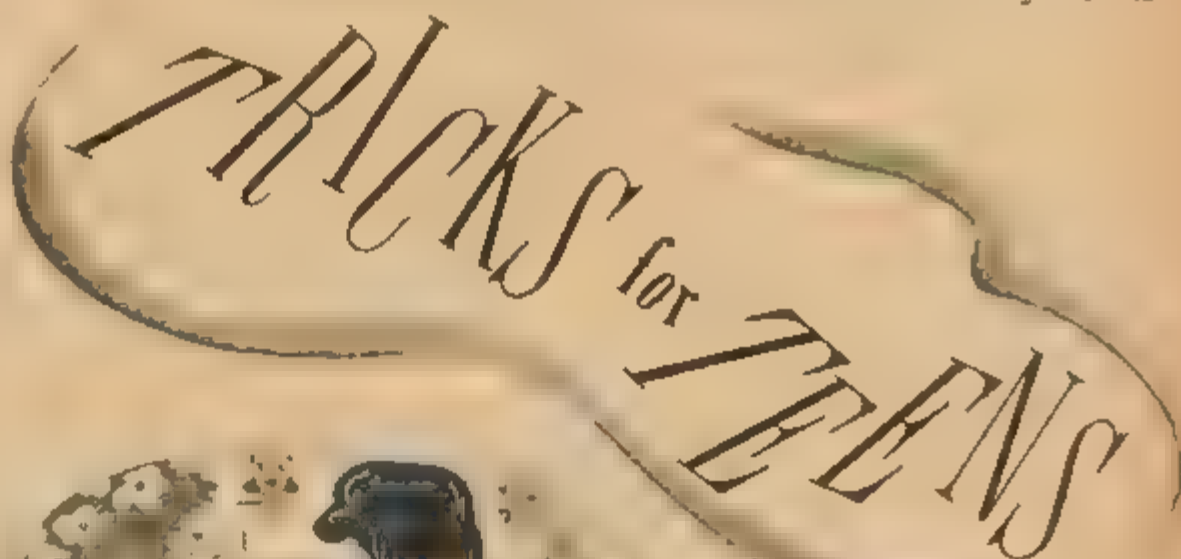
Musical Notes—Have you played that favorite record until there's nothing but a feeble squeak left? Then have your friends autograph it in white crayon or poster paint and you can hang it on your wall. Another record could be decorated with jive talk.—*Sandra Sue Anderson, Wichita, Kan.*

Button, Button—Tie buttons (as many different kinds as you can find in Mom's button basket) about an inch apart on a string. Then braid them into your hair.—*Loretta Lucille Perry, Cardale, Penn.* To pep up those tired winter sweaters, sew buttons around the neck and around the sleeves.—*Onnie Johnson, Detroit, Mich.* You can have fancy buttons by tying small flowers or pom-

pons through large two-holed buttons. Wear them on your dresses or pin them in your curls.—*Joan Bissell, Hamilton, Ont.*

Let's Have a Party!—Give a four-alarm fire party by sending out invitations on paper with burned edges, telling your friends to come to the party dressed exactly as they were when they re-

ified ads in your newspaper. Then they paste the lines with others, making new and funnier ads to be read aloud when everyone is



ready.—*Marcia Yaffe, Toronto, Ont.* For place cards which will reflect the good time you're having, paint designs or paste small pictures in the corners of pocket-book-sized mirrors, and then write your guests' names on them with ink or paint—very pretty and something your friends will want to keep.—*Jacquelyn Phenix, Brighton, Mich.*

Comb Case—No more stray locks, for you'll always know where your comb is if you make this lamb of a comb case. Cut out a lamb from a doubled piece of felt and stitch it together except for a small section on the back where you insert the comb. You can attach the lamb's tail to the tip of the comb as a tab for pulling it out. Sew a pin to the back of the lamb and it's ready to wear.—*Alice Sabowitz, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Every girl has bright ideas! What are yours? Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address: Tricks for Teens, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of Calling All Girls. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

ceived the invitation. Anything can happen!—*Madeline M. Heidrick, Kittanning, Pa.* To pair off your guests when they arrive, give out the king and queens from a deck of cards. Then your guest who has the king of spades finds

the person who holds the queen of spades, etc.—*Judith Tullman, Bronx, N. Y.* Keep your friends clipping and chuckling with this want-ad game. Have your guests snip complete lines from the class-



FLAT-tery for Suits

YOU don't need the ladder to tell you that Low heels are High fashion for spring. You've never seen such a variety of styling in your beloved flats. Ballets come first—probably because they're the very newest. See how well the ballet style pump by A. G. Spaulding looks with your new "soft" suit, like this one by Barbelle at about \$20. The shoes are black suede with red trim. Her white crochet fez by Madcaps.

Above, left to right—Ballet pump by Charing Cross. Sling-back ballet variation in calf, black suede ballet flat with drawstring top, and a ghillie shoe in ballet style—all three Sportsters by Sandler of Boston.

Above, left to right—Sling backs and flat heels are your favorite combination. Spectator version by Hi-Schoolers, moccasin style by Vitality. Something new for you in Identification Jewelry—metal name plates on an angle-toed Sportster by Sandler.

Below, left to right—Try sandal flats with your suit or topper. Perforated wedge sandal by Hi-Schoolers and patent leather Gerwinettes go with date dresses, too. Golly Wogs calf sandals like little sister's.

Ask for these Flats at Official Headquarters Stores on page 82, or send us stamped, addressed envelope for where-to-buy information. Please be sure to identify by name the shoes you're interested in.

Simplicity Sue

NEEDS BASQUES



Simplicity Pattern 1521—Light-weight wool for a basque suit with the unpressed-pleat skirt. Or make the bolero-cummerbund version. Sizes 11 to 18, 25c. Global Breton hat is a Teen-age by Gage; Mademoiselle ballet-style flats by Carlisle.

Simplicity Pattern 1475—One-piece basque dress with crisp neckwear and cuffs. Use cute buttons down the front for a trimming. Sizes 10 to 18, 15c.

Simplicity Pattern 1564—Demure as an April lamb, potent as a March lion—that's you in your puff-sleeved basque dress. Sizes 12 to 18, 25c.

Simplicity Patterns available at your local dealer, or send cash to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

WELL, whittle my waistline and call me huggable, if that smart Needle Nudger, Simplicity Sue, hasn't the right idea! She knows that the basque silhouette is the up-and-coming fashion for teens, so she's picked three Simplicity Pattern versions for her Easter wardrobe. Hug-me-tight tops, hippy skirts—that's the 1946 fashion formula to work out on your sewing machine!



"THE PROM PLOTTERS" a short, short play

CAST: The Twins



Their Father



The Boys



ACT I: Morning in March

DAD: Listen, I don't care if the two most super men in school HAVE asked you for the spring Prom—I can't afford any more clothes this term!

JANIE: Not even if we charged them?

DAD: Not until I get the last ones paid for!



ACT II: That night in twins' bedroom

JANIE: You know, it's weeks until the Prom. If we only knew how to sew—

JOAN: Hey! What about those Teen-Age Sewing Lessons at the Singer Sewing Center? I hear you can make a dress while you learn.

JANIE: It's a deal! We can pay for the material and lessons out of our sitter money—and Dad will never know.



ACT III: Prom night

TWINS (from stairs): Oh, oh, they're here!

BOYS (whistling): Wool! Wool! Let's go!

DAD (to himself): Oh, oh, my charge account!



ACT IV: Next morning

DAD: You mean you made those swoony—er, those swell-looking dresses yourselves?

JOAN: Yes—and now that Singer taught us to sew, we're going to make all our dress-up clothes—

JANIE: And the rest of the time, we're going to wear your shirts and sports jackets!

FATHER FAINTS CURTAIN FALLS



SINGER

SEWING MACHINE COMPANY



SEWING
CENTERS
EVERYWHERE

What time as many clothes? Take the Teen-Age Sewing Course, on Saturdays or after school. Special rates for girls 12 to 17. Ask your Singer Sewing Center (listed in the phone book under Singer Sewing Machine Company) for all the details.
(Jr. Vogue Pattern 3011 Size 11 takes 6 1/4 yds. 39" material)

"The Voice"



"The Look"



And now...**"THE BRIM"**!

HERE'S your hat—what's your hurry to get out in the Easter Parade?

It's a high-rolling Breton brim of shiny straw in black, brown, navy, or white—and the crown is your very own hair. This spring—the Hat's the thing, and our favorite is The Brim. See it on our front cover this month and try it on in your nearest Official Headquarters Store. It's about \$4 and it's a Mad-caps, Identification necklet by Benedikt.



Brimful of ideas! Tie on a Kimball scarf for a printed crown with long streamers (or a piece of your own dress material). Crown it with a wreath of field flowers (by Flower Modes) or frost it with crisp white organdy ruching. Any way you wear The Brim, it is destined to be Number One on your Hat Parade!



Hips aren't your
big problem,
Honey!

YOU CAN TAKE your hips right off your mind, angel. For no one finds fault with your *figure!*

But you would be so smart to exercise a little more care about your personal charm. Being streamlined, you know, won't protect you against *underarm odor*. Nor will it lessen the offense when others find you guilty.

So keep on trusting your bath—for *past* perspiration. But get groovy and put your

trust in Mum to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Keeps you fresh and free from underarm odor all day or evening. Helps you stay nice to be near.

Mum is gentle—harmless to skin and fabrics. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. So why take chances with your charm when you can be *sure* with Mum? Ask for a jar of Mum today



MUM HELPS TO MAKE A MISS A HIT

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 42)

WHEN Betty writes of her younger brother, "My mother doesn't ever let him play alone," we are reminded of how easy it is for all of us to permit ourselves to make extravagant statements, whether we mean to or not—strong words like "never" or "impossible." But Betty does seem to have a real cause for dissatisfaction even if her little brother is allowed to play alone sometimes—if that "sometimes" seems to her to be pretty close to never at all! And he is being robbed of a lot, too, for he must find out what it is like to have fun with friends of his own age.

Since Betty's little brother is five, we hope he will be able to go to kindergarten soon. One great gain for him would be that he would be learning to get along with other five-year-olds and discovering the many playthings and play activities which belong to children during this time of their lives. Some of his kindergarten or play-group friends could be companions for after-school hours, too—in his home and in their homes—as well as during hours of outdoor play. At his age, however, he still needs to have some older person's watchful eye over him. He cannot take full charge of himself. He should spend many happy hours with other boys and girls about his own age—with an older person looking on (for the most part, from a respectable distance) and ready to enter the scene when needed, to guide or direct the play.

Betty need not sacrifice her popularity just because she may be one of those "older people" who is considered capable of watching over her little brother at certain times. But if she is expected to do so almost constantly and not take part in her own pals' good times, one can hardly expect her to make many new friends or share the experiences of those she already has. Not many teen-agers relish the idea (and why should they, even if they simply adore little tots?) of having their little brothers or sisters follow like little shadows wherever they go. And a girl's friends are likely to enjoy this sort of thing even less.

Other members of Betty's family will surely want to take some of the burden from her shoulders, and it should be possible for things to be arranged fairly, since

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

everybody's welfare must be kept in mind. An earlier bedtime for a younger child makes good sense. A fourteen-year-old can do with less sleep. She cannot do without keeping up with things which are of interest to herself and her own friends. Betty will show a good spirit, assuring her mother of her affection for and interest in her little brother, and of her willingness to do her part to be helpful. She might figure out when it would mean most to her to be free to join her own friends, and work out a schedule with her mother's help.

I want to ask you what I can do to get out with girls and boys. You see, I am sixteen and will soon be seventeen. Boys have asked me to go out on double dates with them, but my mother says I can't go out till I am eighteen. So I sometimes sneak out. My mother has no reason not to trust me. She doesn't think I know what is right and wrong, but I do. My older sister has told me everything a girl should know.—Mary T., aged 16½, Massachusetts.

WE do not have to say to Mary, "You should not sneak out." She knows that well enough. And she realizes that she cannot really have the best possible time, nor win the same sort of confidence or respect from her friends, when she and they know that she is deceiving her own folks.

Well then, what should she do about her problem? Should she say to her mother, "I will do as you say—wait until I am eighteen before having any dates"? It would be asking a good deal to expect this, since few girls want to be different from others. They want to keep up with the times.

There is nothing magic about one age or another; that is, there is no certain moment when every girl has reached just exactly the right age for parties, lipstick, or permanent waves. In recent years, American girls and boys have started to show widespread interest in mixed parties and in dating at a younger age than did earlier generations. There are individual differences, and customs vary in different parts of the country.

But let us try to see the picture as a whole. Mary's mother could well understand that her daughter does not wish to stand apart and remove herself from the life of other young people in her town. But, on the other hand, being a good and loving parent, she wishes to meet her responsibilities. She wants Mary to have good times with desirable girls and boys in the kind of places where she will be safe, and where she will be having experiences befitting her age.

Mary herself understands these things. That is why she writes us that she knows right from wrong. She is telling us, in her own way, that her sex knowledge is adequate and that she has her own good behavior standards. She will be able to understand any influences that might threaten her safety or happiness.

It would be a fine thing if Mary's mother could discuss with her some of the things Mary has already talked over with her older sister. But perhaps her mother—much as she wishes to—finds it hard to put some of her thoughts and feelings into words, or to break down years of silence. Mary could help by telling her mother that, fortunately, her sister has answered some of her questions about sex matters.

Mary wants a vote of confidence. She finds it hard to understand the reasons for her mother's doubts and fears. She will understand her mother better when she is older—perhaps a mother herself. Meanwhile, she must remember that she will be judged by her own conduct in public and in private. She and her mother can help one another by trying to see the other's point of view as much as possible. Then, together, in a spirit of mutual love and good will, they should be able to work things out to the satisfaction of both.



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*Both these nailhead styles also made with "softie"
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Charing Cross

CALLING ALL GIRLS Club News

SPRING fever can really get you if you don't watch out. You can't eat, can't sleep, can't keep your mind on X plus Y. What you need, chicks, is a toner-upper, and we've just the thing—that gal Jenny Jabberwocky who sparks the CALLING ALL GIRLS weekly radio program! Take it from us, Dr. Jenny can send those spring-time blues flying right out into the wild blue yonder!

How does she do it? Tune in and learn the secret. She has to

be heard to be believed—and even then you're lucky if you can keep up with her slangage! Her friend, Tommy Jones, hasn't had any luck yet—and he's been following Jenny around on the broadcast and taking a beating every week. It's that sensational song-hit handler, Dick Brown, who's high man with Jenny—and with all CALLING ALL GIRLS members. What chance has poor Tommy against that man with the voice, the smile, and the personality?

Speaking of personality, that's where fashion authority Nancy Pepper steps into the program, and brings you news about what teens are wearing, are going to wear, and the how-and-why of what's hi-style for slick chicks. She tells you what's what in the way of wearables that suit your personality. And when she tells you about the atomic accessories featured at the Teen Gadgeteria, you go definitely delirious.

No, you're not dreaming—those



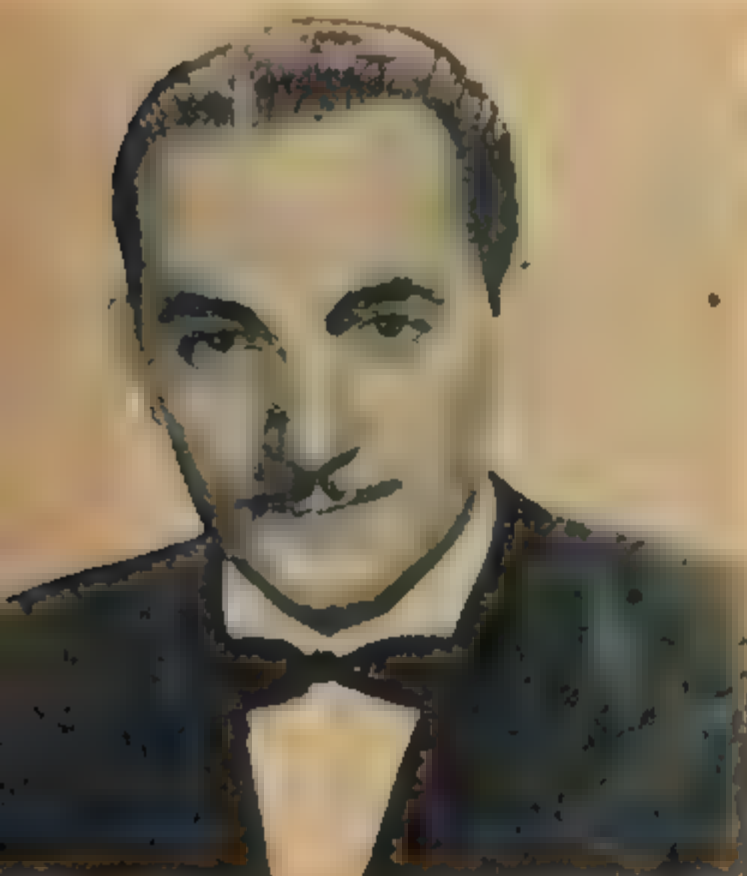
Above—At the dance held by Weber's, Official Headquarters Store in Zanesville, Ohio, 150 teen-age couples kept the band giving with the jive. All of the *Calling All Girls* Club members were invited, of course.



Center—At the Session for Schoolebrities given by the Kellogg Co. and Herpolsheimers, *Calling All Girls* Headquarters in Grand Rapids, Mich., Ruth Gross puts in a word for fitness and fashion.



Above—It's Frankie Carter—or didn't we have to say so? He plays the piano like mad, and keeps his top-flight band beating out rhythm that's out of this world. When he was Jenny Jabberwocky's guest on the *Calling All Girls* radio show, she theme-songed him with his own composition, *Sunrise Serenade*.



Left—Meet Shep Fields, famous band leader, who had a date with the *Calling All Girls* radio program and Jenny Jabberwocky. He's sax-happy, says Jenny, and maybe that's the secret of his big success with teen-agers, who rate his solid sax-senders as tops.

guest stars Jenny Jabberwocky interviews on the CALLING ALL GIRLS program every week are just as swoonderful as they sound. Of course, it takes Jenny to find out the Facts of their lives, and how they got to the Top in music, or the movies, or whatever.

Yep, it's a spring tonic of fun and fashion, and Dr. Jenny prescribes a cheerful earful of it to be taken every week, the year 'round, for good times and for coming in on the beam with the rest of the atomic teens.

Sounds like fun? You're so right! And here's how you can become a member of a CALLING ALL GIRLS Club. Look on page 82 of this copy of CALLING ALL GIRLS for the name of the Official Headquarters store near you. You can register at the store, and that makes you a full-fledged member. If no store near you sponsors our radio program, write to Linda Allen, National Director, CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and give her the name of your favorite center for teen-age fashions. Could be something could be done about it!

Below—Three members of the high school band gave their heartiest hubbas for the formal Angie Coniglione wore in the *Calling All Girls* fashion show held by Brown Thomson, Headquarters Store in Hartford, Conn., in the Bond Hotel ballroom.



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YOU can be part of *every* party—even on “trying days”! It’s an art you learn in the bright new booklet “As One Girl To Another”. This booklet helps you with “calendar” problems; teaches you the vital P’s and Q’s of social contacts. For example, when to join in the jive . . . sit out a number . . . wait for the waltzes.

And that’s not all! “As One Girl To Another” gives the lowdown on sports, bathing, good grooming—all the intimate do’s and don’ts you really *need* to know.

Be sure to send for *your* free copy! Quick—fill in your name and address in the coupon below, and rush to the mail box! *Right now* isn’t a minute too soon to order “As One Girl To Another”. (You’ll see!) And don’t forget—it’s **FREE**.

Write in your name and address and mail to Post Office Box 3434, Chicago 54, Ill. A copy of “As One Girl To Another” will be sent postpaid and free.

Name.....

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YOUR CAREER COVERING THE NEWS

(Continued from page 23)

itself, not a means to another end, or you will fall short as a reporter.

Are you healthy enough to stand the wind and rain and occasional loss of sleep? You don't need to be an amazon, but nothing plays into the still-prevalent anti-woman prejudices so much as the newspaper girl who goes weak and frail. If the city editor thinks he must protect you from weather and long hours and being out alone after dark, he may not hire you or he may fire you or he will underpay you. I know a girl who called up her paper one day and said, "I don't feel very well today, and it's so rainy I'm not coming in." The city editor said, "Don't bother to come in at all any more."

I haven't said anything about how bold you are, or whether you're afraid to brave strangers and ask them embarrassing questions. Because when I think of good reporters, it seems to me more of them are shy than otherwise. I know one now-famous newspaperwoman who still walks around the block a few times before summoning courage to ring the doorbell. The only thing is, your curiosity and interest must be strong enough to overcome that shyness, at least on the surface.

Well, if you've been able to answer yes to these basic questions, this is the time to begin preparing yourself for the battle. You probably want to know, first, whether or not to go to journalism school or take journalism courses in college. I'd say yes, if you can, but you don't have to. Some editors still nurse prejudice against journalism courses as tending to make cub reporters think they know so much that the city editor will have to knock this attitude out of them and begin all over. But surveys have shown that the majority of editors don't feel this way, but, on the contrary, find journalism schools have saved them trouble by teaching the cubs basic techniques.

You can learn how to write well, however, by taking all the composition courses available. And you can learn a lot about newspapers by reading them and studying particular writers. Develop the newspaper-reading habit early; it may seem dull at first, which is partly the newspapers' fault, but when you get used to papers, you like them. It's helpful, too, to listen to radio news.

which has to sound good in script in order to sound good when spoken.

Most important, next to learning to write well, is a good general education. Literature, to show you how others wrote and to enrich your background; history and social sciences, to show you why and how the contemporary world got into its present state.

Naturally, you will have tried your hand on high school and college publications, the more the better. Somewhere in this process, I hope you will have decided what kind of work you'd like best to do on a newspaper. I hope you'll want to learn to do every kind, but specialization is increasingly important. On a small paper you have the best chances to become an "all-around newspaperwoman." On a big paper you may stay in one field. Girls go out to get news, cover "beats" (from women's clubs to police headquarters), sit in the office and do "rewrite," read copy, make up pages, write columns, review movies or plays, write about food, children, fashions, gardens. (In these last fields, of course, you need special information and interests that have nothing to do with newspaper work except the ability to write about them.) But heaven help the girl who starts out too specialized. Nobody ever got to first base insisting from the start on being a play reviewer, for instance.

Now that we're warming up to the stage of looking for the job, let me suggest that any contacts you can make with a local paper

while getting your education will be valuable. Maybe you can cover some field of college news, like sports—a section that could use more women. When you start job hunting, the city editor will want to know how you can write, and the more "clips" you have in a scrapbook or envelope, the better he will like it. Take clippings of everything you have written right along with you.

I hope that while you're getting set to hunt for a job you will have studied the papers you hope to work on. It is old stuff, but still true, that no matter what paper you hope to work on eventually, you should begin with your hometown sheets—or the publications in your section of the city. Your chances for getting a job on a metropolitan paper (if that's what you want) will be better, and your experience will be more varied. No matter how small the paper, working on it will give you background and confidence when you go after the bigger job. You'll learn the mechanics of getting out a paper, always useful, and you'll pick up the jargon—which your future co-workers on the big paper will be too busy to translate for you.

New York City newspapers will demand experience, even New York experience, and I've never figured out how New York reporters got New York experience before they got their jobs. There are some loopholes, however. Some special sections—such as women's pages, Sunday departments—will buy, or print without paying you (even though they should), free-lance articles you send in. You can study these sections and figure what they can use. It's best to query the editors about your ideas first and be sure they're interested.

We still haven't got you out the door, with your best foot forward. You're still at your typewriter, and you'd better stay there long enough to write to the city editors you want to see, and tell them you plan to come in. If you know someone on a paper who has told the city editor all about you and sung your praises, that's wonderful. Most girls are lucky to have a bare introduction, and the spadework is theirs to do from then on.

So the letter to the city editor—as good and concise as you can make it, telling him what he needs



to know about you, your education, what you've written, etc. is important. If he doesn't answer, you'll have to try again. At least, when you decide to go in person he will have heard of you and perhaps he will see you. Just remember that city editors are busy, preoccupied people who need certain skills and potentialities in those who work on their staffs, and who sometimes need new talent.

Girls must get tired of old-timers telling them what to wear and how to act. But since there are some stories—mostly phony—about girls who have broken into newspaper jobs in spectacular ways, I might give you a few pointers. Girl reporters don't have to look like worn-out frumps or arty eccentrics; nor should they look like the Hollywood fashion plates you see in city-room movies.

When you're looking for a job, and when you have one, you should look smart enough to feel at ease anywhere, but you should not be dressed so smartly that people stop to look at you. Just be yourself. The girl who comes flashing into a newspaper office overloaded with personality and perfume and sex appeal really just annoys the men at work. They are used to women; they like them. They don't want their women colleagues to try to act like men or cuss as much as they do. They don't insist that newspaperwomen get all smeared up with printer's ink, but neither do they want them to mix a lot of Chanel with it.

Write the good sales letter, marshal your clips, then start out on the trek from office to office. Chances are you will have to do this over and over and over. That is why I advised you to learn another kind of job and, if necessary, take one, so you can eat and pay room rent between the city-office tours.

A few people become reporters by way of other jobs on newspapers, but not many girls. There hasn't been time to prove whether going to work as copy girl, as dozens have been doing these war years, got one closer to reporting. Many copy boys have become reporters. This might be true of girls, but copy girls are apt to fade from the picture, now that the boys are back. If they don't, it's worth trying. I don't think so much of the stenographic route. A good stenographer on a paper is apt to remain one.

Remuneration for newspaper

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work varies greatly. Newspaperwomen are paid better than they used to be, and this is due in large part to the American Newspaper Guild, an organization which has contracts with* newspapers in many fairly large cities. The Guild minimum for reporters in New York City is \$40 a week, and the national minimum the Guild is now asking for beginners is \$32.50. In cities where the Guild is not organized, or in smaller cities or towns, beginning pay is sometimes as low as \$20, depending on the community standards.

While the Guild sets minimum rates according to experience—up to a certain level—there is no ceiling on how much you can make. In large cities and in Washington, newspaperwomen earn good money, usually as specialized correspondents or syndicated writers. (Salaries for women on local newspapers in Washington are comparatively low.) The average experienced, well-paid newspaperwomen in New York rate around \$100 a week.

Girls* have broken into newspaper work in so many ways, and their experiences have been so varied, that any generalizations I have made in this article can be proved false. Even my own experience doesn't bear me out, but it may give you a few pointers. I got my first interview with the editor of the San Francisco *News* through a letter from his boss, the publisher. It netted me an introduction to the managing editor who said he'd let me know "if anything developed." Something developed seven months later only after I had followed much expert advice and many devices. Learning I was only one of a long list of friends, cousins, and sweethearts who wanted jobs, I started calling on the managing editor one lunch hour (I was working as a secretary) every week. Then I asked to spend part of my vacation working at the *News* for nothing (a practice which they did not follow, nor do most papers). I found a daily feature to write, which every reporter was tired of writing, and after I returned from vacation to my secretarial job I kept on sending this feature

in. Finally, when there was a mine disaster out of town the managing editor called me in to take dictation over the telephone. That was the way I got my first job.

I got a job in New York, years later, by meeting—at a friend's home—the assistant city editor of the *World-Telegram* who called me up one day and said, "I don't

like to plug friends, but they've been trying out a whole string of girls here and you might as well get in on it." He didn't know anything about my work, except a piece he'd seen that I did for the *New Yorker* magazine. The city editor employed me after trying me out on a mass interview, which I did lamely, and two features which I did well. But the reason I kept the job, after

getting it, was that the day I was hired, my friend became the new city editor.

The city editor who had hired me had expressed his scorn of women on newspapers, and the women who preceded me had suffered from this distrust. But George Lyon, who became famous as a city editor, believed in the women—as well as the men—who worked for him and had confidence in them.

Between San Francisco and New York I got jobs for various reasons. I got a job in New Mexico because a man fell off a horse. I got a job in Texas because a man got drunk in the middle of a story in the Mexican town across the border. I got a job in Havana because the editor needed a fresh listener to his stories and troubles.

In San Francisco and New York I had to work as stenographer, publicist, or free-lance writer for years between strenuous efforts to get the reporting job I wanted. I had to prove I was worth the job before and after I got it, and the job was always worth the effort—as compelling as I had dreamed. I've never really liked any other kind of work.

I hope you will land on a newspaper more quickly and more easily than I did, that you will stick out working at other things until you do, and that you will like to work on a paper as well as I do when you get to do it.

The author of this article, Evelyn Seeley, is a well-known newspaperwoman. As you see in this article, she started in San Francisco. She now works in New York City. In between she has worked on papers in New Mexico, Texas, Cuba, and Canada. Three years ago she went to the Washington Bureau of the newspaper *PM*, and then worked for that paper in New York. She is now doing a special assignment, on a part-time basis, being a mother and housekeeper the rest of the time.

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**

AS Maine goes, so goes Oklahoma, or vice versa! We're talking about you Record Raters in these two states, and the way you voted for your All-Time Favorite record, of course. Oklahoma—that's where they have those oh-what-a-beautiful mornings—chose *White Christmas* first—the Decca disc with Bing Crosby singing. Second, was Chopin's *Polonaise*, with most votes for José Iturbi's Victor recording.

And Maine? Record Raters there voted for the *Polonaise* first, either Carmen Cavallero's Decca version or the Iturbi disc. Second choice (what did we tell you?) was *White Christmas*—and with that Crosby touch.

Even in picking their Favorite of the Newest Records, these two states saw pretty eye-to-eye. Up

RECORD RATERS

at the top for both was that sweet tune, *It's Been a Long, Long Time*, with most votes for Harry James and his Columbia recording. Maine gave the *Polonaise* the nod for second place, while Oklahoma picked the popular version of the same thing, *Till the End of Time*, as Dick Haymes sings it for Decca, or Perry Como for Victor.

There were lots of votes, too, for two lovely ballads from the motion picture, "State Fair"—*It Might As Well Be Spring* and *That's for Me*. Favorite recording of the first, was Margaret Whiting with Paul Weston's orchestra on the Capitol recording. On the second, Dick Haymes' Decca platter was most popular.

That's what Record Raters from these two far-flung states said when we polled them. Next time, we'll test for top tunes in another part of the country. No, we won't say where, but you be listening!

Be listening, too, for such discs as the Columbia recording of Frank Sinatra singing *The House I Live In*, the song he sang in the popular movie short of the same name. Coupled with it is Frank's version of *America, the Beautiful*.



all aboard the
CAROUSEL

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Such merry swirls of color! Such fascinating scallops! Sandra Lee is ready for a merry-go-round of fun in this new basque-waist frock of E.S.M.'s woven chambray in peppermint candy stripes. Teen sizes 10 to 16, about \$6 at your favorite store.

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520 Eighth Avenue, New York 18

BIG GIRL

(Continued from page 13)

cut you dead," Slug suggested.

"No, they spoke, all right," Carol said. "But it didn't take a genius to figure out they were being polite because their mothers told them to."

"Are you sure?" Slug demanded.

"Sure, I'm sure," Carol said impatiently. "Stands to reason. Well, nobody has to be nice to me. If they don't like me because I'm fat, that's up to them. I'm not going to push myself in where I'm not wanted, even if Pamela and Ginny do have the nicest crowd in town."

"So your father told you to swim to get thin," Slug commented.

"Daddy said there never was a fat swimmer. And he's letting me diet a little. Not the stuff Mother cooks for dinner, of course, but I don't eat hot fudges or second desserts or malteds or that kind of stuff any more."

"Are you thinner?" Slug asked interestedly.

"Some. About eight pounds. But it isn't doing me a bit of good, Slug. I might as well be a hole in the air as far as Ginny's gang is concerned. Everybody else's gang, too," Carol finished miserably.

"So now you're gonna win some blue ribbons in their swimming meet and toss 'em in their faces," Slug guessed.

"That's right," Carol was grim. "Right smack in their faces."

Slug shook his head. "Take it from me, that's no way to be popular. Besides, are you sure this mess is all because you're a little fat?"

Carol stared at him. "Haven't I just been telling you? Anyway, who said anything about being popular? I'm going to pay them back—but good—for snubbing me."

She slid into the water again and went to work. Slug sighed. At this rate she'd be so tense by spring, she wouldn't be able to raise her arms.

The next week was a trying one. Monday and Tuesday Perlclean pledged, and Carol was not one of the rushees; Wednesday the staff of the *Greenwood High News* was announced, and nobody seemed to remember how to spell Carol Gardiner's name; Thursday not one person except the teachers and her mother and father spoke to Carol; Friday there was a sweater dance in the auditorium,

and there wasn't anybody who cared whether Carol Gardiner had a sweater or could dance; and Saturday morning Dr. Gardiner came in from a pre-breakfast call and announced that Carol would have to skip her trip to Toledo.

"The darned wind shifts the snow faster than the plows can get through," Daddy reported breathlessly.

"Oh, Walter!" Mother saw Carol's disappointed face. "Is it as bad as all that?"

"Bad? I've had to dig myself out twice already this morning." Dr. Gardiner surveyed his toast glumly. "Bet you a spring hat somebody has a baby today. Somebody always does."

He finished his third leisurely cup of coffee just as the phone summoned him.

"What did I tell you?" he groaned when he returned. "It's little Mrs. Sondegard. Not a chance of getting her to a hospital."

"I'd better go with you, Walter," Mrs. Gardiner exclaimed. "She's all alone. Her husband's still in the Navy, you know."

"Good idea," Dr. Gardiner flung back as he went off to check over his bag. "But hurry. Carol, you can reach me at Mrs. Sondegard's in case of an emergency."

Dr. Gardiner and his wife raced out to the car, and Carol was left in a clock-noisy house full of dirty breakfast dishes and a phone that rang with maddening regularity to report on Junior Moore's tonsils, Mrs. Page's arthritis, and all the other ills and woes of a small town. Just after Carol's solitary lunch in the kitchen, the phone rang again, and Pamela Shawn was on the wire—frightened, shrill, almost hysterical.

"It's Mother," Pamela cried

when Carol told her Dr. Gardiner was out. "She's crying, her chest hurts so. Mother never cries."

This must be the emergency, Carol decided, and demanded the information she thought her father would need.

"Your father's got to help," Pamela shouted. "Daddy's away getting a part for the tractor, and we're alone. Dr. Gardiner can get through on the Rightmire Road, and then he'll have to walk across the field just as Daddy did. He's got to come." Pamela's voice rose to a shrill crescendo. "I will not have my mother cry."

Carol marshaled all her facts before she called Daddy. Daddy wasn't Daddy when it came to a sick patient. He wanted facts, not guesses, and he wanted them fast. He listened without interruption when Carol called him and told him the details.

"Temperature?" he demanded.

"Pamela doesn't know," said Carol. "They broke their thermometer."

"Good night!" Annoyance sharpened his tone. "Well, it sounds like pleurisy. Nothing to get too excited about, especially if there's no fever. Pamela's mother isn't going to die within the next hour, though I can't blame her for thinking so. Painful as the very dickens, but I can't leave Mrs. Sondegard now."

There was silence while Carol digested this bit of news.

"Daddy," she said tentatively, "isn't there anything we can do?"

"Sure," said Dr. Gardiner. "We can relieve the pain, and I do want to know whether she has excessive fever. Do you think you could walk out?"

"Golly, Daddy, that's two miles!" Dr. Gardiner waited. "All right, Daddy. I'll stop by Mrs. Sondegard's and pick up the medicine."

"Good girl!" Dr. Gardiner hung up, and Carol ran upstairs to dress for her hike.

Half an hour later Carol was stepping briskly along Rightmire Road, the medicines and a thermometer safely tucked in her windbreaker pocket, Dr. Gardiner's instructions repeating themselves over and over in her mind. Soon her spirits lost their sag and lifted. The sun was brilliant on the snowy road, even though the road itself was treacherous to walk on, and the sky was intense, eye-shutting blue. Carol stepped



along in fine fettle until she saw the hazy outlines of Pamela Shawn's house.

"Now all I've got to do is get across this forty-acre field," thought Carol. "Good gosh, her father's tracks have blown over. Well, here goes." She lined up the house with her position and struck out. The snow was deep and soft after being tossed in the wind, and Carol grimly decided there had never been a wider field in all the world.

"Daddy couldn't come because he's busy having a baby," Carol announced when she finally staggered into the Shawns' kitchen. "But he told me what to do."

As soon as she had taken Mrs. Shawn's temperature, Carol phoned her father.

"Just as I thought," Dr. Gardiner said. "A touch of pleurisy. Not too serious with just one degree of fever. Tell her I'll get through to her tomorrow if she hasn't improved. And, Carol, I want you to give yourself plenty of time to get home before dark."

By four-thirty Mrs. Shawn was comfortable—at least, the pain was not so sharp and breath-takingly penetrating.

"It's funny, too," whispered Pamela as she helped Carol with her boots, "how much better Mom feels, knowing that the doctor's thinking about her. If he's not better tomorrow, Daddy'll get Dr. Gardiner in if he has to shovel out the whole road. Thanks, Carol." Pamela hugged her hard. "See you Monday in school."

"Funny thing," thought Carol as she started out on the long pull home, "she didn't act nearly so snooty."

Halfway across the field, Carol heard the sharp sound of bells carried on the clear air. Around a curve in the road whisked a smart cutter, pulled by a bravely-stepping horse. Suddenly the bells stopped. Carol looked up and saw that the cutter was standing still.

"Going to amuse themselves watching me break my neck," she thought.

She tried to stroll instead of flounder, and almost immediately she was full-length in the snow. Laughter drifted from the cutter.

"Darn them! Oh, darn them!" she muttered, and outraged tears stung her cold cheeks.

When she got to the edge of the road, the cutter still waited. In back were Ginny Getz and Earl Deane, and in front were George Sebastian and, holding the impatient horse firmly, Allan Stowell.

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Ginny and Pamela's bunch. She knew this gang all right. Carol gave them a frosty glare.

"Hi!" Allan called. "Want a lift?"

"No, I'll walk." Carol's voice squeaked angrily. "I suppose you got a lot of amusement out of watching me fall around."

"Shore, shore," Allan agreed. "Don't be a dope. Get in."

Before Carol quite knew how it happened, George was banished to the back seat and she was sitting beside Allan, her tired legs warmly wrapped in a robe.

"We came out with the bright idea of a sleigh ride," George said in a conversation-making voice. "Too drifted, though. We couldn't get through to pick up Pamela."

"She couldn't have come anyway," Carol answered absently. "Her mother's sick."

"Hey!" Allan glanced at her sharply. "Is that what you were doing out here, messing around in the snow?"

"Somebody had to find out what her temperature was," Carol replied defensively. "Daddy couldn't come, and they broke their thermometer. Besides, her mother had to have some medicine. My goodness, a person can't just sit home if somebody's sick."

"Carol Gardiner, Girl Nurse," murmured Earl.

"Don't be a blather," Ginny said. "I'd like to see you tramp two miles in the snow to take anybody's temperature."

Earl shot her a startled glance. "Boy, I'd hate to take yours right now. I thought . . ."

"Never mind what you thought." Ginny punched Allan gently in the back. "How's for going to Mitchell's? I could do with a hot chocolate, and I bet Carol could, too."

"Mitchell's it is," agreed Allan, and the cutter whisked through the snow, the runners singing sweet accompaniment to the jingling bells. "These city slickers can't take too much cold."

The five of them traipsed into Mitchell's after Allan had tossed a blanket on the horse.

"Pick your booth," George instructed Carol. "You and Allan keep it warm while we supervise the hot chocolate. Five, coming right up."

Carol sank into the nearest booth, and Allan slid in beside her.

"I guess you're not such a snooty drip, huh?" he asked.

Carol was too cold to think of a proper snub, and she was too tired to be anything but honest.

"Not a snooty drip. Just a fat drip."

"Heck, you're not so fat. Tall and sort of queenly—in a nice sort of way," he added hastily. "You're the kind that could go on a picnic or a ski party without coming apart at the seams."

"Oh," was the brightest answer Carol could think of.

"Tramping out to Pamela's in all that snow has shown the bunch you're O.K.," Allan went on. "We'd like to like you if you'd stop making snoots at us because you're from the city."

A great light began to dawn on Carol. "Is that what they thought—that I was being snooty because I come from the city?"

"Sure," said Allan. "Weren't you?"

"Gosh," said Carol dazedly. "And I thought *they* were snubbing *me*."

"Because you're a little on the hefty side?" Allan laughed. "Look around you, babe. We're all too thin or too big, too tall or too short, or something. Now, here comes the gang. Don't freeze them out again."

Allan smiled warmly at her as she chatted gaily to Ginny about how slick it was to live in a house instead of a cramped apartment, to see real grass instead of cement, to have a kitchen big enough for everybody to get into comfortably. Ginny's startled mouth had a tendency to drop open as she began to get the idea that Carol thought Greenwood was the place to live.

"Come on now," Allan interrupted. "Dip your pug nose into that chocolate cup. I have to get you home before dark. Your papa thinks you're still being brave in the snow. Maybe if we get you home before he starts pulling the drifts apart, Papa will let us take in the show with Ginny and Earl."

"And me," George stated firmly.

As Carol drank obediently, a delicious warmth curled her toes, and only part of it was due to the hot chocolate. She couldn't help grinning a little into the cup. Was Slug Connell ever going to be surprised at the eel-like way she'd whip around in those turns next Saturday! Well, she'd had a better swimming lesson today plowing around in the snow than if she'd gone swimming. She knew, as well as she knew she could relax now on the racing turns, that she would bring home at least one blue ribbon in the meet—not to flaunt in the faces of her enemies, but to give to her friends.

STRETCH YOUR ROOM

(Continued from page 25)

once you put your mind to it. We are illustrating four plans that make unusually good use of the available space and contain many helpful ideas on how to make a small room larger.

Nancy G. Stiles did it with built-ins. Every article of furniture in her plan shown on page 24 is built in, even the drawers beneath the beds. (They cut down floor-dusting time, incidentally, in case you're the housekeeper.) Use the drawers for blanket storage and to hold the spreads when the beds are fixed for the night. There are good-sized reading lamps on the desks, as well as overhead illumination in the center of the room for general lighting. For a cozy evening of reading in bed, just pull the lamp over to a handier spot on the desk and you're all set. Nancy planned the wardrobes with cupboards overhead and drawers built inside to fit beneath the hanging clothes. There is no dressing table, but the girls do their primping at the chests built at the end of the wardrobes.

Priscilla Armstrong created an illusion of greater size in her room by using small-scale furniture and placing it low and close to the walls (see top of page 25). She put the couches end to end along the east wall to form a low horizontal line. You'll notice that this low line is maintained all around the room by selecting chests which are no higher than the two-part desk. Priscilla, too, made provision for bed-reading by having lights over the heads of the couches. Being a practical gal, she allows a handy place for keeping books and magazines right under the reading lights. One of the few things which the girls who live in this room must share is the bulletin board, and that's plenty large enough to give both of them room for all their pin-ups and clippings. There's lots of storage space in this room in the built-in cupboards over the beds.

A tailored twosome will go for Marian Gabrielsen's plan at the bottom of page 25. Her room is furnished in the modern manner, leaving as much uncluttered space as can be managed in a room of this size. The couches are lined up at right angles for compactness and to form a conversation corner. They're covered with monk's cloth, for this material is sturdy enough to withstand the

(Continued on page 66)

TRUE OR FALSE?



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SHAKE 'EM UP

(Continued from page 43)

over" on top as it cools. Just heat it until you are barely able to drink it. Then take it off the flame. For each portion add 2 tablespoons of unflavored malted-milk powder and 2 tablespoons of chocolate syrup. Beat right in the saucepan with an eggbeater till the syrup and powder are dissolved. If you want your hot malted to stay hot, heat the glasses with hot water before you serve it.

Cold Chocolate Malted

Some like 'em hot, some like 'em cold. But whichever way they're served, the proportions per drink for chocolate malteds are the same—2 tablespoons malted-milk powder, 2 tablespoons syrup, and 1 cup of milk. Be sure the milk is really cold. Dump the ingredients into the shaker with a couple of tablespoons of cracked ice, shake like mad for maybe 20 seconds, and pour into a big glass. Of course, if your family boasts an electric mixer, so much the frothier.

Egg Malted

This rates next to K rations for quick food—just about twice as substantial as a straight malted. For each drink, beat egg—and beat it hard so it won't have any horrid strings left to snaggle your teeth. Then add it to the same proportions of milk, powder, and syrup in the shaker, and the same amount of ice. Shake and serve at once. It's fun sometimes to dust a little cinnamon or nutmeg on the top of each drink before serving.

Broadway Malted

There is only one malted that is better than the chocolate variety, and that is a coffee-chocolate one. Those two flavors do something for each other! If you are following directions on a ready-flavored brand for this combination, it's good to pep up the chocolate flavor with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of prepared cocoa powder, which will balance the chocolate and the coffee better. Then add 1 teaspoon of coffee extract powder, 1 teaspoon sugar (if your chocolate-flavored mix isn't already sweetened), some cracked ice, shake, and serve. If you're starting with plain malted-milk powder, stick to the regular proportions—1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons powder, 2 tablespoons syrup, and 1 teaspoon powdered coffee extract. There are lots of

coffee extracts on the market now, and they offer the best way to get the flavor. But if you can't lay your hand on any at the moment, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cold coffee will do—running a poor second because it adds more bulk than it should in proportion to its flavor. If you use cold coffee, you can skip the extra cocoa.

Sugar-Saving Syrup for Shakes

Most homemade chocolate syrups hit the sugar bin pretty hard, and you can't always find the "boughten" ones these days. Here's a quick short cut to syrup without much sugar that will increase your popularity in the home no end. Melt 6 squares of cooking chocolate in the double boiler top over hot, but not boiling, water (it will melt faster if you cut it up first). Add to it $\frac{1}{2}$ can of condensed milk, 1 cup of boiling water (stirring slowly so the mixture won't lump), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, a pinch of salt, and 1 teaspoon of vanilla extract. Stir till the sugar dissolves, cool, and store in a covered container in the icebox. This makes about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of syrup.

Did we remind you that malteds are popular? We did! And they'll add to your popularity when you serve them to your admiring friends!

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HAT-TRACTIVE COVER GIRL

It's Mary Tice's first cover—but it won't be her last! She actually helped design her Barbara topper of black and white wool

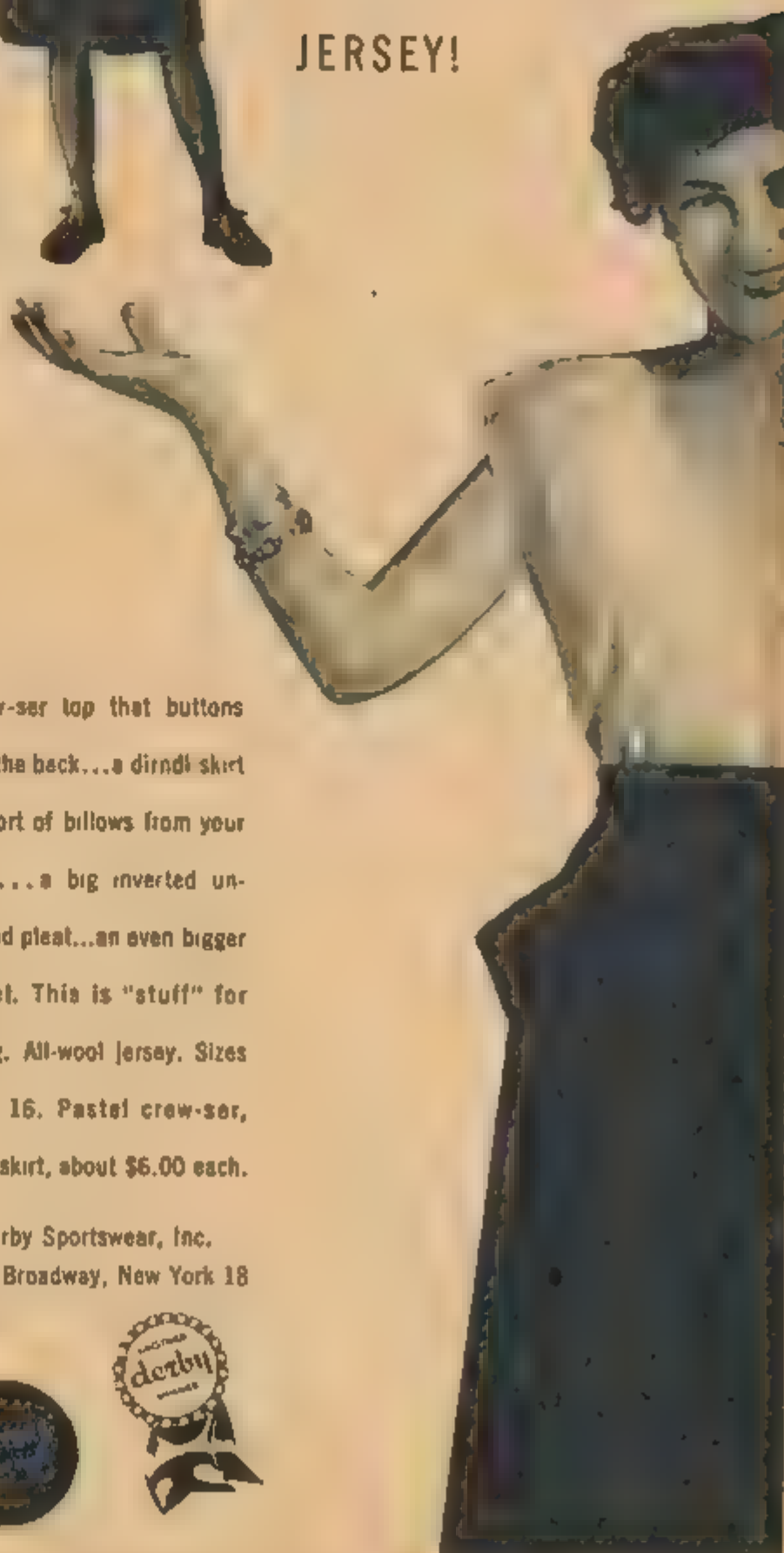
check by Stevens Fabrics, and hopes to wear it in the Easter Parade. She's 5 feet 8 inches, weighs 115 pounds and has taffy smooth hair that she shampoos and sets, herself, every week. Leonia High in Leonia, N. J., is her school; John Robert Powers is her boss. She goes for Dick Haymes and Gregory Peck. Favorite sport—sking; favorite song—"A Door Will Open." Ambition—to get married some day. But meanwhile, she loves modeling—so you'll be seeing more of Mary in *Calling All Girls*. The Kodachrome of her on the cover of this issue is by William Ward.



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MANHATTAN MYSTERY

(Continued from page 28)

passageway's white-tiled walls were broken intermittently by shops, for all the world as if this tunnel under the city were another city street. But it, too, was crowded, and Jenny could scarcely afford to glance at the lighted windows for fear she would lose sight of that brown hat up ahead.

Sometimes they did lose it, all three of them. But sooner or later Jake's sharp eye would spot it again, and they would go on.

"How can we—" Jenny was panting a little, out of breath—"go so far—underground?"

Jake grinned briefly. "This is nothing. We could go on doing this all day. I wish we'd find a cop," Jake said. "That's why I wish he'd get out of the subways. But maybe that's why he's staying down here—to keep away from them, and to throw us off if he knows we're following."

"Do you think he does?" Bob shifted Jenny's bag to the other hand, and waved her away when she reached to take it herself.

Jake shrugged. "Can't tell. Haven't seen him look back, but there's been plenty of times when I didn't have my eye on him."

They had passed signs that led into the Pennsylvania Station and Jenny had been marveling how short a time it was since she got off a train there, quite unsuspecting of all that was going to happen to her in the next few hours.

Jake grabbed them and turned them toward another set of now familiar-looking turnstiles. "He's going to take the Sixth Avenue Subway this time," he told them. "Here." He fumbled in his pockets, and then suddenly thrust them forward. "You'll have to duck under," he muttered. "I'm out of nickels."

"Wait. Maybe I..." Jenny opened her purse.

"Hurry up. Haven't got time." Jake shoved her and she bent down and crawled through.

"We'll be arrested," she thought, and then the ridiculousness of the idea made her giggle nervously. A policeman, as Jake had pointed out, was just what they needed now. But a real one this time.

A guard shouted "Hey! You! Come back here!" And both Jenny and Bob instinctively turned their heads. But Jake was urging them on and down still another flight of stairs.

"We can't wait for him. There's

a train pulling in now. Step on it!"

They all took the last three steps in one leap, and Jake elbowed a way through the crowd that was trying to force its way on the train. He pushed them through the open door, took one last look around the station to make sure their quarry wasn't waiting there on the platform, and slipped his considerable bulk inside just as the door closed.

Anxiously he peered around. "There he is," he sighed. "Hanging on a strap. Up ahead."

They followed his glance and caught a reassuring sight of the brown hat. The train tore swiftly along through the narrow tunnel just wide enough to permit its passage, and suddenly emerged into a brightly-lit station.

"There he goes!" And Jake pulled them off again, upstairs, through swinging gates, and finally through glass swinging doors. With one eye on the brown hat and one eye on the arcade they had just entered, Jenny realized with a start of surprise that she was actually in Radio City, or Rockefeller Center, as it was properly called—that handsome collection of towering buildings that house so many exciting shops, museums, theaters, and restaurants, not to mention thousands of offices. The workers in those offices were homeward bound now, and once more Jenny, Bob, and Jake battled the crowds.



"Radio City," Jenny breathed.

They were still underground, but she felt thrilled, even so. The shops that lined the way were different from the others they had passed—more elaborate, more expensive-looking. Jake hurried them up a wide flight of marble stairs, past softly-lighted windows, and then pushed toward a long escalator.

Just then she saw the brown hat near the top of the flight, and she stepped on. The whole flight was crowded, each step occupied, and it was impossible to thrust their way up ahead. They were still some distance from the top when the brown hat disappeared.

Jenny could hear Jake mutter behind her, and when they finally stepped off at the ground floor of the building he dragged them forward without wasting a moment.

"Can't see him," he said. "Can you?"

Jenny and Bob shook their heads. They were all running now, and suddenly, for what seemed to Jenny like the first time in hours, they were face to face with an exit to a street.

Jake pushed ahead of them to the sidewalk, and when they joined him there he was turning his head from right to left, glumly.

"Lost him! After all this time, we lost him! He could be anywhere by now—back downstairs and into any of the other buildings in the Center. That underground maze connects them all. Or he could have come out here and ducked into one of them by an outside entrance. Or he could have grabbed a cab and..." He shrugged. "Sorry kids. I'm pretty sure he knew we were following him. What do we do now?"

Jenny sighed. "You don't have to do anything. We've made you enough trouble as it is—or I have, rather. And I haven't even thanked you. I guess Mrs. McGee's package is gone for good now. And I don't even know where to find her to tell her so."

Suddenly, after the excitement of the chase, she felt very tired.

"I hate to give up," Bob said, and she smiled at him gratefully.

"So do I," Jake said unexpectedly. "Say! Maybe he'll eventually go back to that house where the other fellow took you before. Come on—it's worth a try. We'll go get my cab."

He paused for only one instant, undecided whether to take a taxi

back to Grand Central Station or not. "We'll run," he decided. "Taxis are scarce at this hour."

And then they were off again, along the sidewalks this time. They hurried past the open air, striped-umbrella-dotted restaurant with its beautiful fountain—the restaurant that occupied the space which in winter was flooded for skating—and ran up beside the flower beds that marched between Rockefeller Center's British Building and the French Building. The lovely Gothic arches of St. Patrick's Cathedral were directly ahead of them, and as they turned south on Fifth Avenue Jenny caught a single glimpse of the famous statue of Atlas bearing the world on his shoulders.

She was completely out of breath from excitement and haste when, seven blocks south and two blocks east, they reached Grand Central Station and Jake's taxi.

The motor roared into life, and Jake, with a wink through his rear-view mirror, wove his way around other vehicles.

"If you see a cop we'll stop and pick him up," he said, honking his horn and cutting around a great lumbering bus.

Just then a shrill whistle caused them all to turn their heads.

"There's a cop!" Bob pointed.

And so there was. He was leaving his traffic station and moving toward them, motioning them over to the curb. Jake drew over slightly, and leaned out.

"You're just what we need, officer," he said. "We . . ."

"I certainly am. What's the idea of cutting around that bus?"

"We're in a hurry. We're after a thief and . . ."

"Thief? Where?"

"Well, he isn't in sight. You see . . ."

"Is this a gag? Get over to the curb. You're holding up traffic."

"Officer, this is serious."

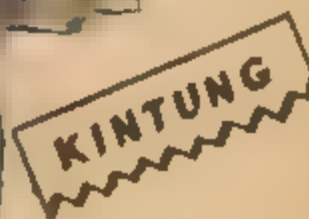
"Did you hear what I said?"

"Certainly. But if you'd let me explain . . ."

The officer's eyes narrowed beneath the blue visor of his cap. "The middle of Fifth Avenue's no place for that. You'll be more comfortable at the nearest police station. We can clear up a little matter of resisting an officer while we're there. And you can tell us all about your thief—if he still exists by then. I'll just go along to see you get there all right. Come on—get started." And he stepped determinedly on the running board of the car.

(To be concluded)

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STRETCH YOUR ROOM

(Continued from page 61)

hard wear the girls are bound to give it. That low table before the couches is used not only to hold pop bottles and teacups when friends drop in, but as a night table, too. The flower prints over the beds are mounted on large boards; that's Marian's way of making inexpensive pictures more important. It's worth keeping in mind for your own use. The good-looking desk-chest unit at the other side of the room was inexpensive and easy to make. The chests were purchased unpainted; then a plank was attached between them by means of cleats, after which the whole thing was gone over with clear varnish.

Even the lack of privacy, which is the worst feature about rooming with another girl, especially in close quarters, can be overcome with careful planning. Look at Laurane Clemmer's plan at the left of page 25. In this room each sister can pursue her own interests without interfering with whatever the other is doing. Laurane suggests cutting down old twin beds, covering them with cotton print spreads, and arranging them at right angles. One desk was painted blue, and the other ivory. There are hanging bookshelves over each desk. Unpainted twin chests were enameled to match the respective desks. In addition to conserving space, putting the chests side by side and hanging a large mirror over them adds to the room's attractiveness.

Remember that the rooms illustrated in this article weren't planned by professional designers; they were done by girls not much older than you. Why don't you and your sister derive inspiration from them and undertake your own extracurricular project? Measure your room and draw it to scale, say one-quarter inch equaling one foot. Or you can buy a block of graph paper which is marked off in squares. Then take the dimensions of your furniture and make paper figures in the same scale to represent the various pieces. You may have to juggle and eliminate and rearrange until you finally hit on the right scheme for your particular room. Too crowded still? Get rid of the least essential piece of furniture; don't even have one extra knickknack you don't absolutely need. This is one project that will pay off with years of happiness and comfort.



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☐ Tropic (med. dark)
☐ Honey Dark
☐ Burgundy (very dark)

MAYOR MARTIN'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 21)

next evening after dinner. Stasia's family had left for a neighbor's house, and the gang was gathered in the living room, listening to the radio and talking about what they'd done that day.

Connie turned to Cap and Stub. "What did you boys think of Ed Gold, the fellow we met this afternoon when we were coming back from the beach?"

"Nice guy," Cap eyed Connie suspiciously. "Why? Were we supposed to think something special?"

Peggy saved Connie the trouble of answering. "I thought it was very strange, the way he invited us all over some afternoon next week and yet he made very sure that we didn't set foot inside his cottage today."

"Can't a fellow have any privacy?" demanded Stub, scowling. "He was probably working. I heard his typewriter start to click as we went on down the road."

"What are you girls driving at?" Cap glared at Connie. "I can see it in those blue eyes right now. Calamity Connie has earmarked another criminal."

"I'll tell you all about it," Stasia

plunged in head first. "And so," she finished eagerly, "we figured we'd all sit up until midnight and wait for the phone call."

"Oh, my achin' back!" Stub slumped down in his chair. "That's five more hours. Besides, what about Stasia's family? They'll be worried if we're trotting around the countryside on some wild goose chase when they come home."

"I'll leave them a note. In fact, it's written already, just in case."

"Stub's being practical again," teased Peggy.

"And you girls are being ridiculous!" Cap exploded. "Ed's probably just self-conscious about his writing. And—and—well—maybe he likes to watch boats at night."

"Now, you listen to me, Cap Riley," Connie whirled around.

"And you, too, Stub Stevens. There's one thing nobody here knows—not even Stasia and Peggy. And that's what I saw through the window of Ed's cottage today." She paused for dramatic effect. "There was a revolver on the desk in the corner. I could see it as clearly as anything. And what would an innocent writ-

er be doing up here with a gun?"

"That does it," admitted Stub, echoing Peggy's gasp of surprise.

"But if that phone doesn't make with some action by midnight, I'm going to bed," declared Cap.

At three minutes to twelve, Stub was fidgeting by the window. "I'm glad we're being saved by no bell," he murmured. "It's dark out there."

"We've got three more minutes," Connie's eyes were glued to the clock. "And . . ."

A long ring interrupted her. Stasia dived for the phone. "They're meeting at Johnny's in half an hour," she reported, hanging up the receiver.

Peggy headed for the front door. "Where are we going?" she called over her shoulder.

"Johnny's is an old, deserted boathouse down by the ocean." Stasia was busy turning off the lights. "I'll show you the way."

Outside on the road, Cap took charge. "We can't have any slip-ups," he warned. "This might be dangerous. Connie and I'll go with Stasia. Stub, you and Peg hotfoot it over to Ed's and follow him."

"We'll see you at Johnny's. Good



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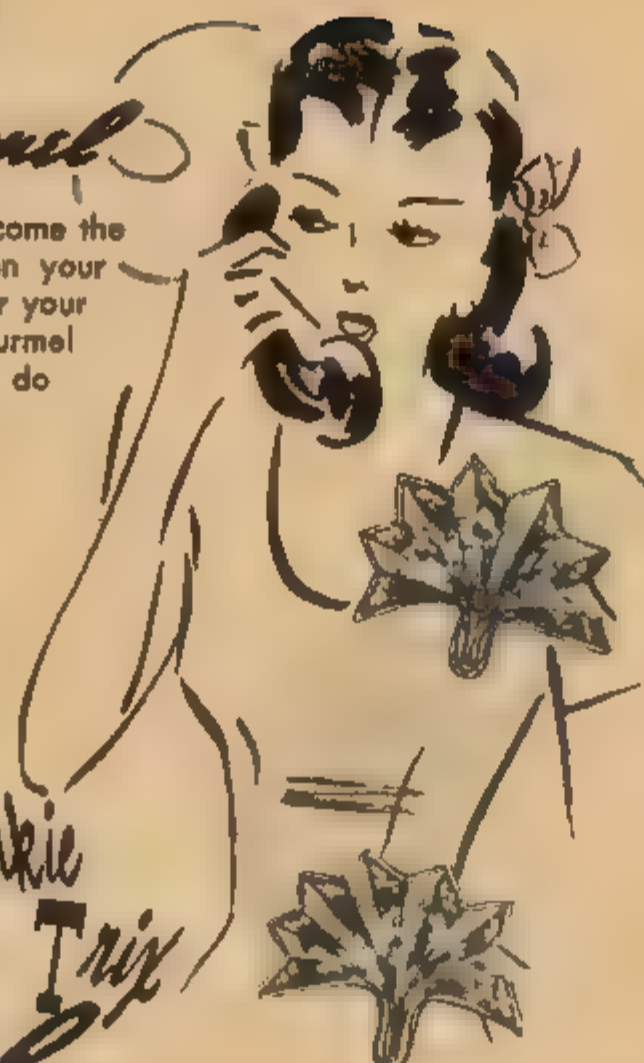
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luck!" Connie squeezed Peggy's hand, then trotted after Cap and Stasia.

Running along the sandy beach ten minutes later, with only the sound of the ocean waves in her ears, Connie suddenly realized that she and Cap and Stasia might be heading for real danger. They would have to face whatever they found in the boathouse completely alone—just the three of them, two high school girls and a boy. If they called for help, the ocean would drown out their voices. If they signaled, no one would be near enough to see. She reached instinctively for Cap's hand, as Stasia veered to the right and led them around to the rear of Johnny's boathouse.

Cap pressed his ear to the wall. "Not a sound," he whispered. "Nobody's here yet."

Stasia nodded, and slid the door open. She pointed to a solid mound ahead of them. "There's the boat." She stepped in after Connie and closed the door behind her.

Connie shuddered as the boards creaked with each step. It was so dark that only the sound of Cap's footsteps guided her to the boat.

Gradually her eyes grew used to the dark and she could make out the stern and bow of the vessel, the outline of the deck and the railing around it, and could see Cap moving silently away down the length of the boat, inspecting. Every few steps he would stop to listen, and at last he disappeared altogether.

The water slapping at the hull of the boat had a weedy, fishy smell. Connie shivered and reached out in the dark to touch Stasia's hand.

"That you, Stasia?" she whispered.

Stasia must have nodded, for there wasn't any sound, and then she laughed softly.

"Well, it isn't Cap!" she said.

"No, he's just vanished into thin air!" Connie's whisper rose.

"Ssh!" Stasia warned, tightening her hand over Connie's. "Where did he go?"

"Over there, last time I saw him." Connie pointed into the dark. "I can hear him, but I can't see him."

Then Cap suddenly appeared beside them again. "All serene, looks like," he whispered. "Stay right here until I reach for you."

Cap climbed aboard and pulled the girls up after him. Fumbling around on deck, he stumbled into a ladder. "Over here," he hissed, and the girls slid down after him.

Connie felt her way into the small cabin below and collapsed on a narrow bunk. "I wish we'd had sense enough to bring a flashlight." She yanked Stasia down next to her. "Where's Cap?"

"Here I am." Cap's voice sounded eerie in the darkness. "There's nothing down here but this cabin and some cargo space."

"Wait," Stasia cocked her head to one side.

Connie held her breath. Heavy footsteps clumped above them; then a loud hum filled the room. The boat began to quiver.

Stasia sprang to her feet. "The engine's going. We're moving!"

"Whew!" Cap sank down at Connie's feet. "We made it just in time."

"What about Peggy and Stub?" Connie worried.

"They probably missed Ed and didn't know how to get here," Cap reassured her.

"I'll sneak up to the door and take a look," Stasia started forward and swayed uncertainly. "Guess I don't own any sea legs," she giggled, staggering and groping toward the door.

The boat rolled from side to side. "I feel odd. Is there any place to be sick around here?" asked

Connie weakly, after a while.

"Lie flat," Cap pushed her down gently. "You'll feel better."

"Cap! Connie!" Stasia stumbled back down the few steps. "There's been a terrible mistake. Two men are up there," she gasped breathlessly, "and neither of them is Ed Gold."

"Who are they?" Cap caught Stasia as she stumbled across the floor.

"I don't know," Stasia's voice was trembling. "But they look kind of like pirates."

Connie swallowed a lump in her throat. "I remember now," she choked. "We were in such a hurry that we didn't wait for the phone to finish ringing. We must have intercepted the wrong call."

"The man didn't say enough for me to recognize him by his voice. I just took it for granted it was Ed," Stasia buried her face in her hands.

Connie sat up and put her arm around Stasia's shoulders. "It wasn't your fault," she said softly. "We'll just stay here until the boat docks at Johnny's again. There's nothing to worry about."

"But there is, Connie," Stasia insisted, almost sobbing. "I heard those men say this was their last

load, and if anyone got in their way, they'd shoot it out."

"So maybe we'll catch a couple of those public enemies Connie's always looking for," Cap announced. "And anyway, Peggy and Stub will find out there's been a mistake and send out some help."

Connie wasn't fooled by Cap's light tone. She was frightened and so was he. Even though it was too dark to see his face, she guessed that he was frowning in that funny little way he had. She held on to his shoulder.

"Of course," she said, trying to convince herself. "I forgot about Peggy and Stub for a minute. They'll send someone for us."

But Peggy and Stub were in no position to send anybody for anybody. Right about that time they were both sprawled out on Ed Gold's bedroom floor, staring straight into the barrel of a revolver. Ed, in a pair of red and gray striped pajamas, was pointing it at them.

"What's the big idea?" He stared closely at Peggy. "You're one of Stasia's friends, aren't you?"

"Y-e-e-e-s."

"I am, too. I'm Stub Stevens, Mr. Gold. And this is Peggy ..."



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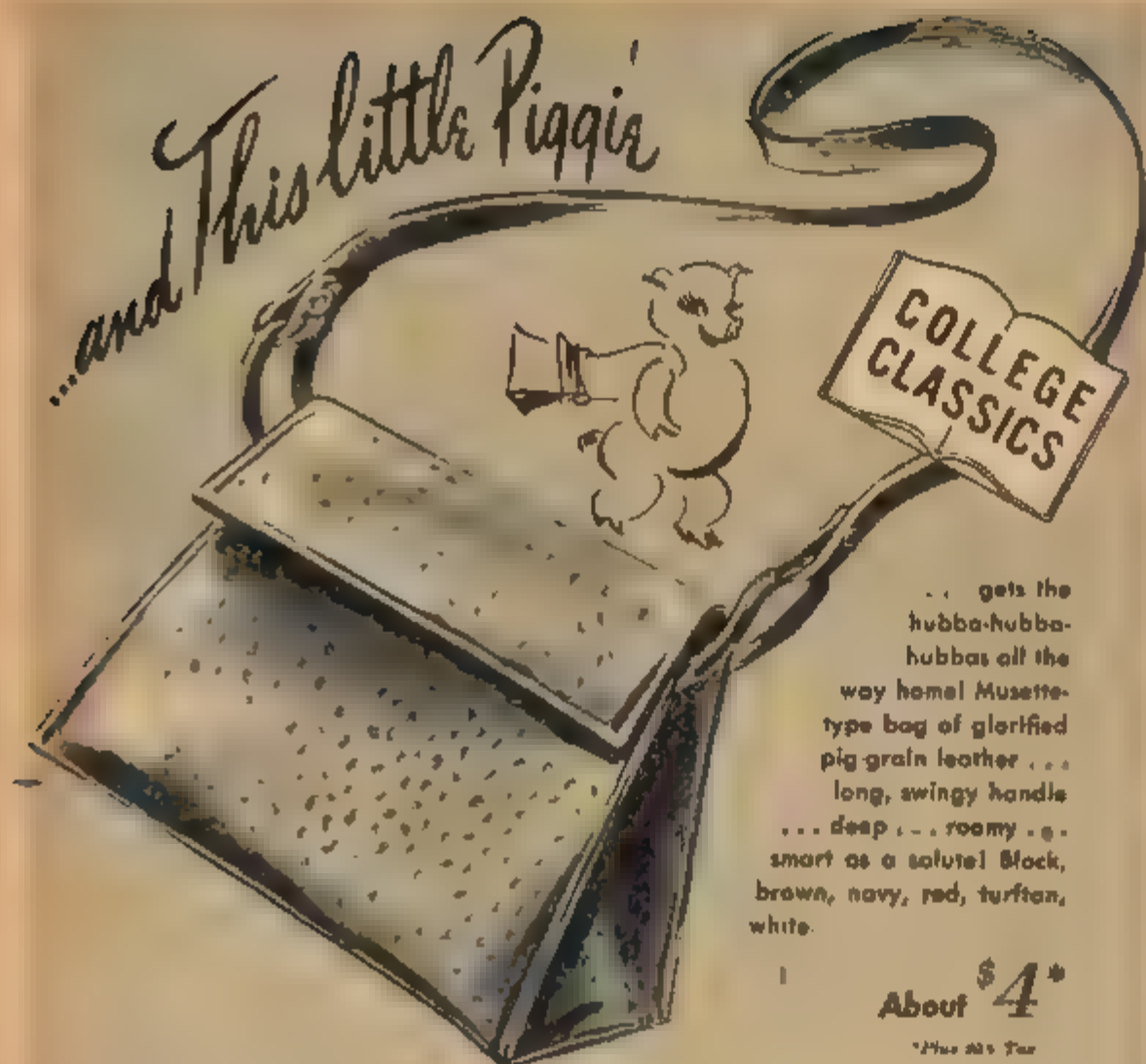
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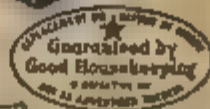
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"Never mind the introductions. What are you doing here?"

"We—we—that is . . ." Peggy gulped. "We dropped in for a visit."

"Through my bedroom window? In the middle of the night?"

"It looks that way, sir." Stub scrambled to his feet.

Ed Gold scratched his head. "Come into the living room. No, wait here," he added as the phone jangled. "And don't try to beat it out the window. I can see you from the phone in the hall." He backed out, the gun clutched in his hand.

Stub glared at Peggy. "That was certainly a bright idea of yours to break in here and investigate."

"But we couldn't wait outside forever. And the house was dark, Stub. I thought for sure he'd gone ahead." Peggy turned her back. "Anyway, no matter what happens to us, we've got to protect the others." Her voice broke on the last word.

Stub patted her shoulder awkwardly. "Aw, don't feel bad, Peg. It was just as much my fault." He looked up questioningly as Ed raced back into the bedroom. "What are you going to do with us?" he demanded defiantly.

"You kids go on home," Ed puffed, pulling on his shirt. "I'll get to the bottom of this tomorrow."

"But we'll get to the bottom of it tonight," muttered Stub, waiting with Peggy in the shadows outside Ed's cottage a few minutes later.

Peggy shrank back against him. "How, Stub?" she whispered.

"When he comes out, we'll follow him. Maybe he'll lead us to the other kids." He seized Peggy's hand and dragged her out into the road. "There he goes."

They kept at a safe distance, just far enough behind Ed to be sure he didn't know he was being followed.

"Wish I knew where he was heading for," Stub muttered as they stumbled along the narrow, sand-filled track. "If we knew the layout around here . . ."

"Well, I smell ocean," Peg panted. "And if he doesn't slow up, we'll pitch head first into the water."

"Or sink up to our necks in this sand," Stub grumbled, leaning over to slip off a shoe and shake a pebble out of it.

"Hurry, Stub!" Peggy's voice was worried. "He's getting too far ahead of us."

"Right with you, chum." Stub

was up and away again while he spoke.

Peggy's breath came in short, uneven gasps. Where were they going, she wondered anxiously? And what would they find when they got there? "That couldn't be Johnny's," she panted, watching Ed sprint across the beach. "He's heading for the public boathouse."

Stub paused uncertainly. He waited for Ed to disappear into the boathouse, then galloped across the beach. "Somebody slipped up some place," he told Peggy through clenched teeth. "And we'd better find out where." He ducked under the boathouse and sank down among the pilings.

Peggy dived in after him. "My mouth's full of mud," she spluttered, glancing around distastefully. "Ugh, it's horrible under here."

"Ssh, that's Ed, right above us." Stub craned his neck. "Somebody's talking to him."

"They went out about fifteen minutes ago," the man was saying. "This time I got the direction. I'll swear that boat left from Johnny's boathouse—down the beach away."

Too late Stub clapped his hand over Peggy's mouth to smother her cry of "Johnny's!"

The man had leaped to the beach and was flashing his light on them. "A couple of kids, Ed," he shouted in surprise, dragging them out on the beach: "Well, what do you know!"

"I know those two have got in my hair long enough." Ed's hand moved quickly inside his coat.

Peggy bit her lip hard to keep from crying out. "Don't let him shoot us," she prayed inwardly. "Please don't let him shoot us."

Stub thrust her behind him. "You can do what you want to me," he announced heroically, "but . . ." His eyes opened wide as he stared at the identification in Ed's outstretched hand. "The United States Treasury Department! You're a Secret Service man!"

Ed nodded emphatically. "And this is Mike Quinn, my assistant and the caretaker here." He tucked away his badge. "You kids are in way over your heads. I want an explanation and I want it fast. There's a gang of smugglers operating around here and . . ."

"Smugglers!" Peggy began to shake all over. "But Connie and Stasia and Cap . . ." She struggled for words.

Whitefaced, Stub helped her out. "They went to Johnny's boat-

house almost an hour ago. You see, we thought . . ."

As he talked, Ed's lips tightened. "The only thing to do," he decided finally, "is to go to Johnny's. If your friends didn't get on the boat, they'll be all right. If they did . . ." He shook his head. "Well, the boat has to come back sometime."

Peggy didn't remember much about the next hour. All she knew was that somehow they got to Johnny's, and Cap and Connie and Stasia were nowhere to be found. She could feel Stub trembling beside her and her own heart pounding like a triphammer, while Ed and Mike explained that a big narcotics ring was known to be smuggling in dope. The Secret Service had traced some of the dope to this area, and Ed and Mike had been sent down to check.

"We had to keep strictly under cover," Ed continued. "Those men are known to be desperate. And anybody out here could have been one of them."

The chug-chug-chug of a motor cut into his words. Peggy felt it go through her like a knife. She was almost afraid to find out what had happened to Cap and Connie and Stasia. As Ed maneuvered them into position he

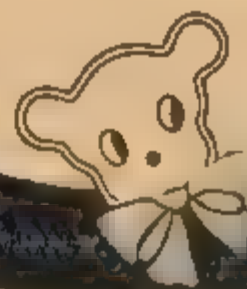
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and Peggy on one side, Stub and Mike on the other—the shadow of the boat filled the little boathouse. Two men leaped over the side, Stub flashed the light on them.

"Put 'em up high!" shouted Ed.

"Connie! Cap! Stasia!" Peggy's voice was strangled with fear.

"Here we are." Muffled voices chorused from below, then materialized into three bedraggled figures that came tumbling off the boat. "There are lots of bananas packed away down there. Lots of green bananas. They got them off another boat in the middle . . ."

"Take a look at those bananas," Ed ordered.

Mike disappeared into the boat and returned a few minutes later, a green banana in one hand, and a little glass tube in the other.

"They pushed glass tubes of the stuff into the banana stalks," he announced, his face grim.

Ed held out his hand to the three puzzled stowaways. "Congratulations," he said grinning. "You've just helped capture a couple of dope smugglers."

Later, when the two men had been dumped in the police station for questioning and Mike had gone back to his caretaking duties, Ed took his five exhausted helpers back to Stasia's house. The lights were blazing.

"You'd better come in, Ed," Stasia urged shyly, "and help us do some explaining. I have a hunch Charlotte will be glad to see you, too."

Peggy muttered confidentially to Stub, "We're certainly getting efficient. We capture a couple of smugglers and at the same time we work for Cupid."

Stub gave her a shove toward the house. "Don't stand out here giggling all night, dope." He grabbed her hand. "Let's go see what happens when Cupid works for himself."

Connie and Cap strolled in behind them, arm in arm.

"It's a lucky thing they didn't spot us when they packed those bananas away," Connie said softly. "I thought we were dead ducks until you crammed us under the bunk."

Cap pressed her arm. "You were cute the way you kept insisting we'd get back safely." He grinned into her eyes. "Especially when you didn't believe a word of it yourself."

"I did, too, Cap Riley," Connie replied indignantly. "We're always so lucky . . ." She smiled happily. "Am I really cute, Cap? Why didn't you ever tell me before?"

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ALWAYS BELITTLE!

(Continued from page 39)

hostess honestly believed she was being modest, and we're willing to give her full credit for at least making a stab at one of the top virtues, but she was certainly way off the beam in her interpretation of modesty.

You've run up against plenty of that kind of belittling, with variations. How about the girl who goes around wailing, "I'm going to fail the examination. I don't know a thing!" when actually she has made such a fine record all term and has studied so hard that she practically has a gilt-edged guarantee that she will not only pass, but with a good mark?

At parties, there is the girl who tap dances or who plays boogie-woogie, but she waits until the guests have exhausted themselves begging her to perform before she reluctantly agrees, all the while insisting, "I'm really no good." That, in spite of the fact that she has taken lessons for years and aspires to be a professional.

And the girl who, on being loudly praised for the wonderful supper she has dished up to the Dramatic Club, shrugs and mur-

murs, "Oh, it was really nothing at all." Just as though she hadn't been going through cookbooks for weeks. From the way she tosses it off lightly with that casual shrug, you'd think she had inherited a natural gift for throwing together a three-course meal for fifteen people without effort or preparation.

If you really wanted to catalogue all the variations on this theme, you could make a very imposing list, and it's fun in a way, except when you recognize yourself on the list. That brings you up short and you gasp, "Well, I say that sometimes, but I don't mean—what I mean is, I'm really trying to be modest!"

It helps if you understand what causes you to say the opposite of what you mean or feel. We said that a lot of such people sincerely mistake their understatement for modesty. You'll also find those who underestimate themselves and mean it when they go around belittling their ability. That may be because they set impossible standards for themselves and as a result usually have a feeling of failure. And there are others

who are so embarrassed at being placed in the spotlight—even when they've earned it—that they know no other way to squirm out.

This last could be a hangover from early childhood when they had to perform against their will at the urging of too-proud parents. And maybe, instead of applause, they drew laughter because the performance failed.

The good student who plays dumb may fear that because the teachers praise her and hold her up as an example, she is losing the fellowship and friendliness of her schoolmates, so her wail of "I'm going to fail" is her way of trying to be one of them again.

Of course, you might answer that you'd rather be a self-belittler than that obnoxious form of life that is forever mouthing boasts, or the bores who must give a blow-by-blow description of "How I achieved success the hard way." The trick is to be none of these, and it isn't done with mirrors. You're grown-up now, and you need not be a helpless child about handling situations that call for some finesse.

How good are you? If your

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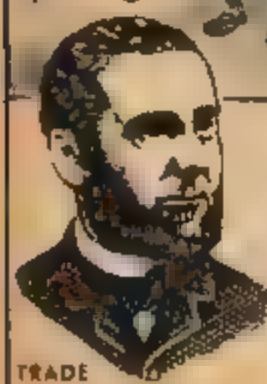


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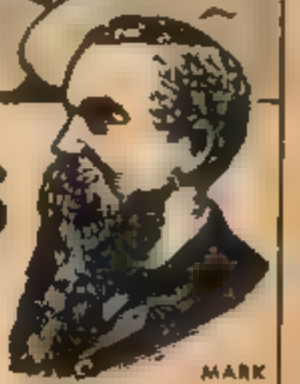


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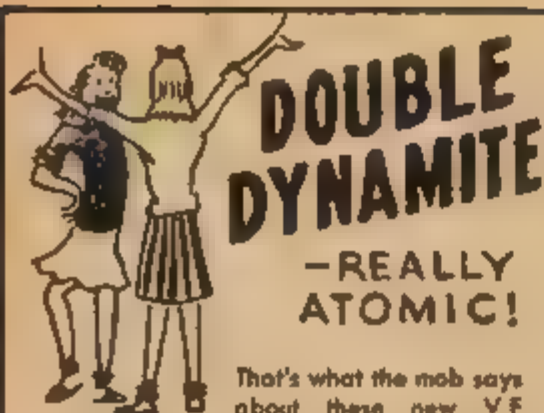


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family and friends seem to enjoy having you around, and more of your teachers like than dislike you, and you're active in what appears to be a normal amount of goings-on, you're reasonably safe in supposing that you're accepted as one of the gang. Now where do you shine a little? Could be you're the girl with skill for putting herself together smartly, or the one who is in the top quarter of the class scholastically, or the member of the basketball team who can always be depended on to play a steady game. You know what you like best to do, and chances are that you're better than average at those things. You surely know what you do that draws compliments. Sure, you feel set up and proud when someone praises you or asks you to do something you're good at.

What happens now? Go ahead and feel proud if you've earned the right to it! Pride in performance is one of the prizes you're entitled to—like your letter for being on the team, or your name in the newspaper for being a reporter, or your picture in the yearbook for being on the winning debating team. Nobody will begrudge you the right to give yourself a bouquet, and you needn't worry about being overwhelmed at your own importance so long as you recognize other people's ability as fairly as your own, and

keep in mind how much effort goes into any good try. A mental rearview mirror to remind you of those who helped you on the way is a good idea. And who hasn't the memory of boners, pulled and dismal failures to deflate a ballooning ego? Those memories could still make you afraid of ridicule if you haven't learned to understand that people usually laugh with you and not at you.

You know you're good, but how can you express it without sounding smug? When the junior hostess was asked whether she was a good ping-pong player, she could have answered, "My serves are good, but my backhand is weak." The worry-wart student could have said, "I've worked hard and I know I'll pass, but I need an extra high mark to qualify for a scholarship; and that's what worries me." And the girl who dished up the praise-winning meal could have answered, "I love to cook and Mother has helped me to learn. I'm so glad you enjoyed it!" The girl at the party smoothly accepts an invitation to perform: "I'll show you the new step I just learned if you'll get Johnny to do his imitation of Danny Kaye."

Have you ever noticed how the star of a show or a bandleader accepts audience approval? They take a bow first themselves, smile appreciatively, and then graciously include the rest of the cast



"I could be popular, too, if I went around being as nice to everyone as she is."

or the orchestra in the applause. No double talk and no ham acting. They know they're good and they're proud that the audience is smart enough to recognize it.

Which brings up another point about knowing how to take bows like a trouper. When you're bound and determined to rate yourself low because you think it's modest, you're practically telling your personal audience that they don't know what they're talking about, and they won't love you for it. If you say you're not a good skater, and then proceed to skate figure eights around the boy who asked you, you make him feel so self-conscious and inferior that he'll wish you and your so-called modesty would get tripped up on the ice.

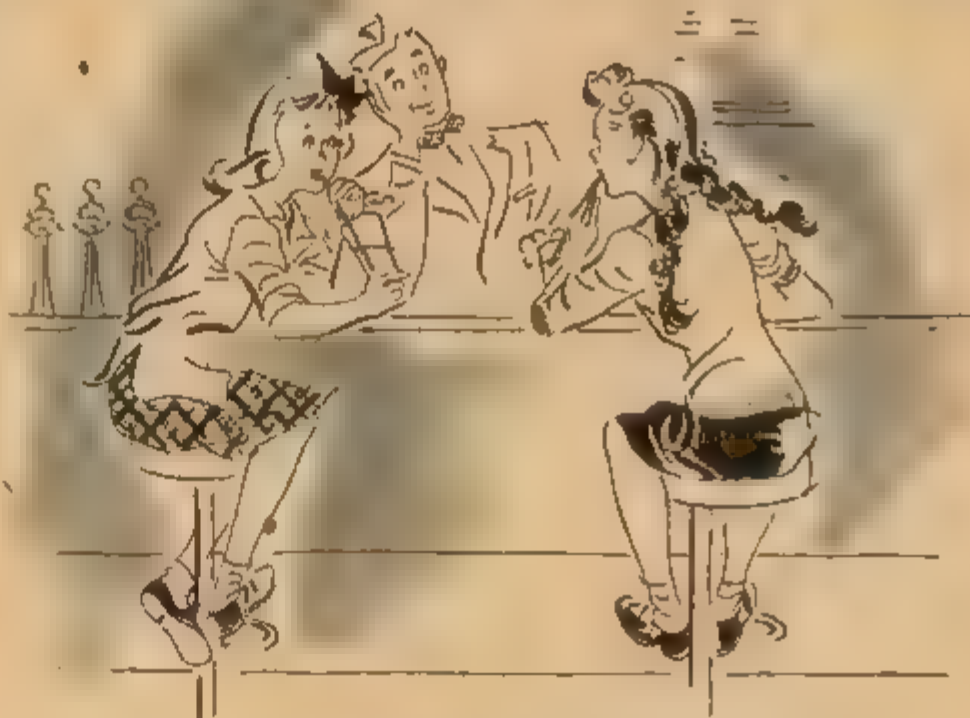
When your date pays you a full-bloom compliment for making your own evening dress, and you in embarrassment stammer, "It's really not so hot and the style isn't right for me," you're making him feel that he has no taste or discrimination, and don't be surprised when he doesn't ask you to the next dance.

Your expression and the way you use your voice can get you out of situations—or into them. Even though self-belittling words slip out occasionally in spite of your determination to break yourself of the habit, you can soften what you're saying 'by letting your tone and your eyes take a bow gracefully. On the other hand, even a simple sentence like "Sewing is fun and some day I'd like to study designing" can sound smug and overbearing if the tone is haughty.

"How does all this give me a break?" you may be wondering. False modesty can become so ingrown that you finally doubt whether you'll ever be much good at anything. False modesty is a boomerang. Eventually people stop complimenting you because they'd just as soon save themselves the slap in the face your creeping modesty gives them, and in time they think, "She doesn't seem to feel she is any good. Maybe she isn't." That's when you begin to feel abused, and you go through life thinking that you're a truly superior person whom nobody appreciates.

But once you learn to recognize what you're good at and the best way to show it, why, then you're on the road to developing that longed-for poise and assurance. So, why not give yourself a break? Stop belittlin'.

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JUDY WING

(Continued from page 37)

without any effort, she climbed, then she banked, dived, applied left rudder, leveled out as if she'd been doing it half her life. Judy's mouth twitched, but she didn't comment.

"Now try a slow roll," she commanded. They dived gracefully toward the ground, then climbed.

"A loop," said Judy grimly.

No sooner said than done. The horizon went askew, there was a long moment when they turned in the air, and then the sky came right side up again and Cindy leveled off and turned downwind.

Back at the hangar Judy faced the younger girl and said sternly, "You're a fraud, Cindy Lane. Where did you learn to fly?"

No answer.

"Have you soloed?" Judy demanded.

Panic flashed across Cindy's face. "I—can't!" she gasped. "That's it! I couldn't! I..." She tried to continue.

"Relax!" said Judy abruptly. And as they walked toward the dorm, she began to talk about the week-end trip she was planning, a trip to an Army hospital upstate to visit her friend, Captain Ted Baker.

When she saw how intently Cindy was listening, Judy asked suddenly, "What's the matter? Do you know him?"

"Captain Baker? Oh, no!" said Cindy quickly.

"He's about ready to be discharged," Judy went on. "But before he goes off on some other job, it's high time I went up there and put in my two cents' worth. I don't want him signing up to go charting air routes in Timbuctoo, but he probably will in spite of me!"

Ted wasn't considering Timbuctoo, Judy learned when she reached the hospital and they'd had time for a good talk. Nothing so spectacular, he claimed. "But what did she think of Texas?"

Judy wasn't ready to say. And before Ted could convince her that flying time between the aviation school and the heart of Texas was really insignificant, they were interrupted. Brick Johnson, a red-headed young bombardier with a bandaged wing dropped in to chat.

"Still glooming about that girl of yours?" Ted asked him as Brick slumped down on the end of the couch.

Brick nodded. Then he kicked impatiently at the rug. "Oh, for-

get it!" he growled. "Plenty of other girls in the world!"

"Yes, but if she's disappeared—something may have happened to her," Ted said.

Brick laughed and got to his feet. Judy didn't like the bitter note in that laugh.

"Cindy?" he said. "She'll always hit her target. She's just given me the air, that's all!" And he walked out.

"Cindy?" Judy looked at Ted.

Ted shrugged. "Poor kid's broken up about it," he said. "The gal was at a flying school near here. They met at a party and they fell for each other hard—or so Brick thought. Last week she checked out of the school without a word to anybody. Went home, I suppose, or..."

"Or came to me," said Judy with a smile.

Ted jumped. "You've seen her?" he shouted.

"I've got her," said Judy.

When Ted had heard the story he was all for hunting up Brick Johnson and sharing the good news. But Judy hesitated.

"Look, Ted," she said, frowning. "Cindy has something to work out. We don't know what happened at that school—but I can guess. She's a good flier—but when I mentioned soloing, she turned green. Give her another week—tell Brick she's safe and—well, leave it to Cupid Wing!"

Never before had Judy had to browbeat a student into soloing. Most of them were living for that magical day when they could take a plane up alone. But not Cindy. By the middle of the following week, Judy was ready to shake her. And Ted's nightly phone calls sounded as if he were going slightly mad trying to keep Brick in hand.

"Give me one good reason!" he shouted over the phone on Thursday night.

Judy laughed. "Do him good to stew a bit," she said. "He knows she's safe..."

"That," said Ted, "has ceased to be the \$64 question. Is he or isn't he the man in her life?"

"Oh, hush!" said Judy. "Yell like that and Texas can have you!"

Which didn't make her a bit more patient on Friday with Cindy's unreasonable fear of taking a plane up alone.

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need to tell you what to do," she said savagely as Cindy pulled out of a neat trial spin.

Cindy didn't answer. She was looking down at the wooded countryside over which they were flying. She cried suddenly, "Miss Wing! Look! Down below! Someone's cracked up!"

Judy's ill temper vanished as she looked down. A bright yellow, light plane was standing on its nose just at the edge of the dense woods. It had evidently crashed into the trees and turned over.

"We can't land," Judy said hurriedly. "But it looks as if there's someone hurt down there. There is! Bring us in a little closer, Cindy. Can you do it or do you want me to take over?"

"I can do it," Cindy replied. There was a new firmness in her voice.

"Watch it!" Judy said sharply. "That's good! Right rudder, right rudder! Good! The pilot's crawling away. He's hurt!"

Cindy pulled out of the dive, swung off in a wide circle and zoomed downward again.

"That's flying, Cindy!" Judy Wing said admiringly. "The poor fellow's evidently in bad shape. He's stopped crawling."

Cindy pulled out again, and said through stiff lips, "What do we do now, Miss Wing? Fly back for help?"

Judy made a swift decision. "One of us does," she said grimly. "And one of us takes the first-aid kit and parachutes down to him. Well, Cindy?"

She waited. Then Cindy said in a small voice, "I've n-never jumped, Miss Wing."

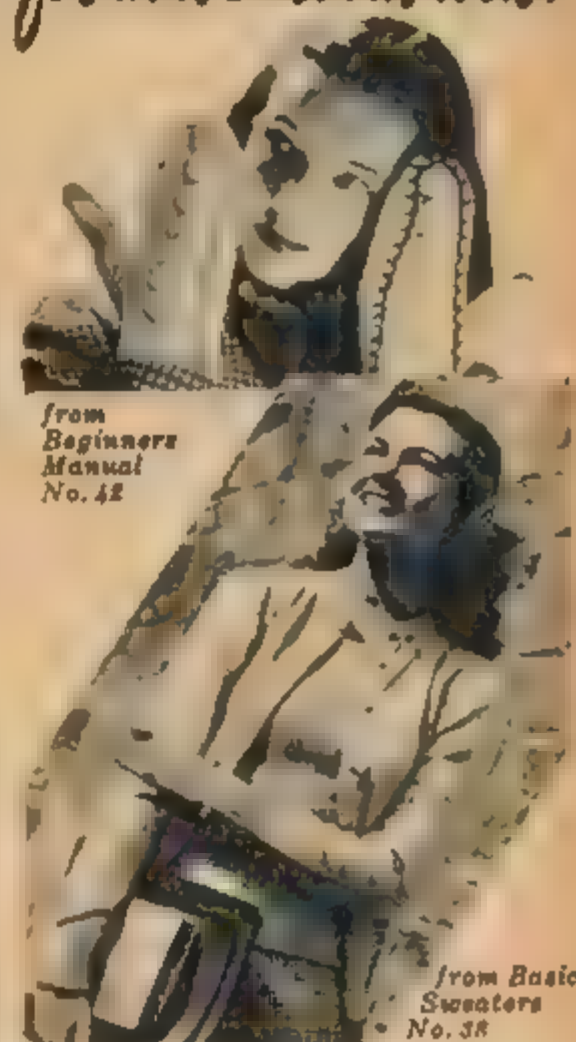
Judy tucked the first-aid kit under her arm and tightened the straps on her parachute. "Go back to the school, Cindy," she said quickly. "That's the fastest way. Give Mr. Barker the location—about ten miles in on the Pine Ridge road, west, on the edge of the Forest Reserve—that's as near as I can figure it. Tell them to send an ambulance. Don't try to fly back." And suddenly the enormity of what she was asking swept over Judy. "Cindy!" she said sharply. "Can you do it?"

She didn't know what she expected—tears, probably. She wasn't prepared for the cool little voice that answered, "I can do it, Miss Wing. I'm not afraid now. Isn't that funny? I'm not afraid!"

"Steady!" said Judy. "Bring me back over that open spot. That's it! And—good luck!"

She didn't quite clear the trees,

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but luckily when the 'chute caught, it was on a low tree. Judy struggled loose from the straps and scrambled to the ground. A few minutes later she was down on her knees beside a dazed young man, and twisting a tourniquet above a deep gash in his leg. Her hands weren't quite steady as she tied the bandage.

"Feels as if it's broken," he mumbled, and then suddenly, "But where'd you come from? I was alone!"

"Well, you aren't now," said Judy comfortably. "And don't you pass out before the doctor gets here. He's—on his way." She should keep her fingers crossed on that, she thought, watching the pilot's face anxiously. Then she remembered how Cindy's voice had sounded when she'd said, "I'm not afraid!" "He'll be here in nothing flat," said Judy firmly. "So just you hang on, fellow. You're going to be all right."

The wait was interminable. Judy paced back and forth until she wore a track on the grass around the injured man. If they would only come with that doctor! She'd done everything she knew to make her patient comfortable, but it wasn't enough! If they'd only come!

But she didn't give up hope. Cindy *could* fly—she'd make it. People did things when they had to. The girl had washed out in the other school probably. But what of it? She could fly. And there was good stuff in her, or she wouldn't have fled to another school when she'd failed in the first one. She'd have fun away from all flying schools.

It was after dusk before Judy heard the faint throb of a motor

coming nearer through the trees. Then it stopped, and she stood waiting, not daring to move for fear she'd miss the sounds in the darkening woods. And then it wasn't a dream any longer, there were voices, shouting.

"Hello! Where are you?"

"This way!" Judy called.

"Keep shouting!"

The sound of crashing underbrush—and suddenly Judy heard Cindy saying, "Oh, Miss Wing! Is—is everything all right?"

"It certainly is, Cindy—now!"

There wasn't time then to talk of such things as how Cindy had fared on her solo flight. But when they had got the pilot safely to the hospital and she and Cindy were back at the flying school, Judy drew a long breath.

"Come up to my room, Cindy," she said as they entered the main hall of the dormitory.

"Sorry!" said a man's voice from the shadows by the stairs. "Cindy's got a caller. In the reception room."

Judy whirled. "Ted! What are you doing here?"

Captain Ted Baker ran a nervous finger under the edge of his khaki collar and grinned sheepishly.

"Look, Judy, I can explain everything! Brick wormed it out of me, and..."

"And?" said Judy, but her voice wasn't a bit dangerous.

"And we thought even if Cindy hadn't soloed—we'd come down and see why she ran out on Brick..."

"But Cindy *did* solo! Didn't you, Cindy?"

They both turned to look at her, but Cindy wasn't there. All they saw was her flying heels disappearing into the reception room.



BY TAMMY.

"I spend three evenings being a fine, noble, self-sacrificing person helping John Wilson cram for his exams—then I learn he already has a date for the prom."

SHOP TALK

(Continued from page 29)

can't be expected to know where everything is—even if you did know last week that the handkerchiefs were on the third counter from the front, they may have been moved by this week. Rather than wander aimlessly up and down the aisles, ask directions. If there is no information booth, you can consult the directory which is usually by the elevators, or ask the elevator starter for the information you need. It's kinder not to bother the salesgirls with your "where" questions. They can't be expected to know all the answers.

In case it's up or down you must go, do avoid the flying tackle approach in elevators and on escalators. If the elevator is already bulging at the seams, try to remember that there will always be another car. Watch the lights and stand to the side, not in front of, the doors of the next car. And that move-to-the-rear business the operator keeps giving forth is not just a monotonous refrain but good advice. As for escalators, people who run up and down them are public menaces.

When you've tracked down the department you want, we hope that you will, of course, wait your turn politely. Shove ahead and you'll be shoved yourself. On the other hand, if you are courteously considerate you'll find that you inspire kindness in others.

If your counter is completely deserted, even by salesgirls, ask a floorwalker or another salesgirl to find someone to help you, please. When you are not arrogant in your demands, you will find people ready to cooperate with you.

If you know just what you want, tell the salesgirl the size and color you want and the approximate price you wish to pay, whenever there is a choice. However, if you don't know the price and find it is more than you can afford to pay, don't dissolve into embarrassment. There's no shame in not being able to buy something. Just say that the article costs more than you want to spend and thank the salesgirl for her trouble. Don't make the mistake of trying to bluff your way by letting her go on showing you things you can't buy, and then trying to duck out by saying you don't like all the things she's shown you. Remember, she will have to put all those items away again.

If you can't make up your mind about something immediately,

take your time and think it over, but don't keep the salesgirl standing idly by while you ponder. Just tell her you'd like to think about your purchase for a few minutes and ask her if she wouldn't like to go ahead and wait on someone else.

Speaking of thinking before buying, stores generally have no objection to your browsing about. They figure the more you look around, the more you'll buy. But they feel rather less kindly about customers handling their wares. Unless it is absolutely necessary in order to make a selection, don't pick up breakable items like glass and china. The best of us turn butter-fingered at unpredictable moments. If you drop an article, it means embarrassment for you, trouble and expense for someone else. Never handle goods with your gloves on, since gloves are apt to be dusty and soil the goods. Don't handle stockings at all. Ask the salesgirl to show them to you. She's trained to display them without snagging threads. When trying on dresses, either use the lipstick guards provided by the store or fold your lips in tightly. Lipstick-stained dresses are a big source of loss to stores.

There will be the time when you get the sales clerk (usually in the shoe department) to drag out everything on the shelves, and still nothing will appear that you really want. It's unfortunate, but when it is unavoidable thank the clerk sincerely for her trouble and go on your way. Don't ever disappear, though, after you've sent her off to get something else. It's only courteous to wait until she returns and explain that you have found nothing that will do.

Once you've made your purchase, be businesslike about the financial end. Tell the clerk whether you want to charge or pay. If the package is to be sent, state the name and address clearly and spell out any difficult names in the address. Don't insult the clerk by spelling Park Street or Boston, but don't, on the other hand, make her mess up her sales book through misspelling odd names.

Is this a lot of ado over a simple purchase? We don't think so. The please and thank-you and I-think-you're-next routine helps everyone to receive better service, helps tempers stay in repair even after a rigorous day of shopping, and helps make you a nicer person.

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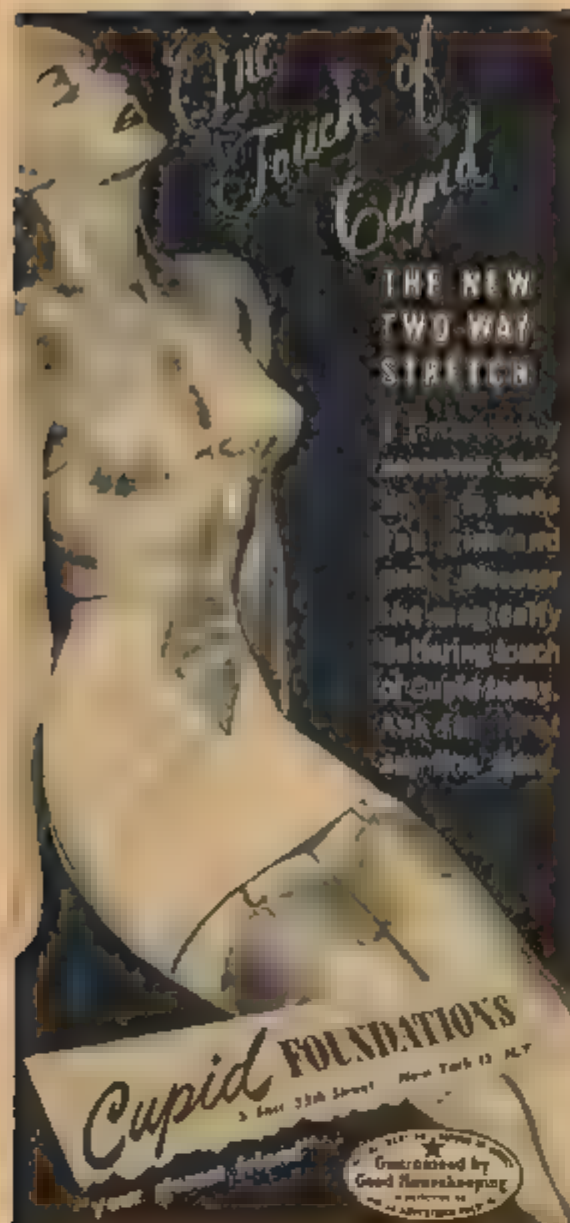
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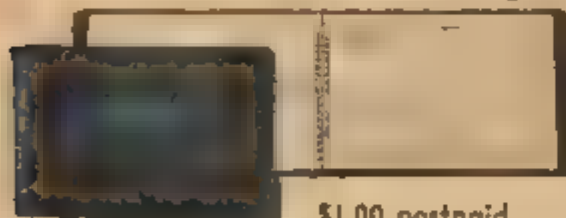
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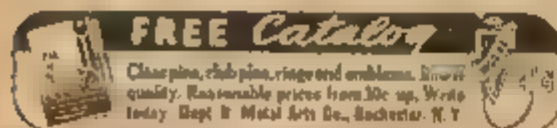
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BEHIND THE DIALS WITH THE DISC JOCKEYS

(Continued from page 33)

ago, just when the record business was very sick indeed. On the West Coast it was started by a smart boy named Al Jarvis, and shortly thereafter on the East Coast by Martin Block. From then on, radio stations, both big and pint-sized, broke out in a rash of disc jockeys, until now it looks as though they are permanent institutions.

The platters the deejays play are usually partly based on things like the current Hit Parade sensations, *Billboard's* (a trade magazine) weekly listing of top tunes, and other official data. But mostly it is a matter of listener request and the jockey's whims. An established disc jockey can put over any tune that strikes his fancy, and these platter turners have as much to do with making or breaking a tune as any juke-box or name-band plug. Often a deejay introduces the waxings of unknown singers and orchestras, and starts them on the zoom to fame. Tunes the deejays started off include *Good, Good, Good*, *The Trolley Song*, *Tonight We Love*, *Mawry Doats*, *Amour*. Artists they helped along the way to fame by giving them program plugs include such now-famous names as Dinah Shore, Glen Miller, Artie Shaw, Vaughn Monroe, Tommy Dorsey.

Favorite trick of the platter men is verbally glorifying their surroundings, so that instead of visualizing a somewhat bleak and dusty studio, the listener imagines the deejay wandering around a glittery ballroom, or hopping from one stage to another in a fictional theater. Others christen their shows according to the station's wave length, like the 1160 Club, the 810 Club, which creates a chummy atmosphere and gives their fans a sort of exclusive membership feeling.

Actually, most of the platter-chatter sessions originate from an unexciting room, with a glassed-off section where a usually deadpan engineer sits twiddling the dials and knobs needed to put the program on the air. Some deejays play their records themselves, flanked by a couple of turntables, with a spare machine near-by, just in case. The mechanics of successful record spinning are a tricky art and each deejay works out his own system, always on the alert for such things as seeing that the "arm" that plays the record is a light one—this saves the platter

much wear and tear. Something that has happened to most disc jockeys at one time or another is having the gadget that controls the record's speed slip out of place. In the midst of some normally-paced crooning, the platter abruptly slows down to a complaining groan, and the deejay has to laugh it off.

If the jockey is going to spin a tune that takes up both sides of a record, he uses two recordings, putting one side on one turntable, the second side on the other turntable. That way the listener doesn't notice any break, for the transition is smooth as butter. Some deejays hand the discs to the engineer and he spins them, while the platter man lavishes all his charm and energy on the microphone. As the stations keep all their old records, and buy all the new ones, they usually have a record library of many thousands lining the studio walls.

Probably the kingpin of all the disc jockeys is creamy-voiced Martin Block, emcee of the Make Believe Ballroom on WNEW in New York. He describes each of his products meltingly, whether it is broccoli, a used car, or dog food. For each fifteen minutes he plays the waxings of one orchestra, mostly Hit Parade stuff—a rating recently achieved by one of his own songs, *Waiting for the Train to Come In*, which he wrote with Sunny Skylar. In shirt sleeves and suspenders, topped by expensive, gaudy ties, Martin Block now spins records for an hour and a half every morning, ditto every evening. He is the only disc jockey who performs the gymnastic of having two programs on the air at once—his usual stint plus emceeing on the Supper Club over NBC.

Having been a pancake flipper for eleven years, he has patterned his show after many distinct and changing trends in music. Hot jazz was the rage when he started out; during the war the fondness was for sweet music. He thinks that now the public will revert to hot jazz for a while. Mornings he spins the sweeter discs. Evenings, when he knows you teen-agers are listening, he plays the peppier music.

Martin's fan mail runs the gamut of praises and complaints. At one time he was selling reducing pills at \$1.50 a box, also cigars at \$1.50 a box, either one of which

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Des Moines, Iowa.....Younkers
*Detroit, Mich.....Crowley, Milner & Co.
*Duluth, Minn.....Oreck's
Easton, Pa.....Eagle Youth Centre
*Eau Claire, Wis.....The Fashion Store
Elgin, Ill.....Ackermann Bros.
Elizabeth, N. J.....R. J. Goerke Co.
Elk City, Okla.....Burr Store
El Paso, Texas.....Popular Dry Goods Co.
Evanston, Ill.....Lord's, Inc.
*Evansville, Ind.....The Baby Shop
Everett, Wash.....Rumbaugh-McLain
Fairmont, W. Va.....J. M. Hartley & Son Co.
*Fargo, N. D.....O. J. Delandracie Co.
Flint, Mich.....The Fair
Florence, S. C.....Salk's Dept. Store
Fond du Lac, Wis.....Hill Brothers
*Fort Madison, Iowa.....The Parison
*Fort Smith, Ark.....Hunt Dry Goods Co.
*Fort Wayne, Ind.....Grand Leader
*Fort Worth, Texas.....Mannig's
Freeport, Ill.....F. A. Read Co.
Fremont, Neb.....The Brown-McDonald Company
Gainesville, Fla.....Wilson Co.
Gary, Ind.....H. Gordon & Sons
Geneva, N. Y.....J. W. Smith Dry Goods Co.
Glens Falls, N. Y.....Merkel & Gelman
Gloucester, Mass.....William G. Brown Co.
Grand Island, Neb.....Walbach's
Grand Rapids, Mich.....Herpolsheimer Co.
Great Falls, Mont.....Strain Brothers
Green Bay, Wis.....H. C. Prange Co.
Greensburg, Pa.....The Ben Jan
Greenville, S. C.....Meyers-Arnold Co.
Hamilton, Ohio.....Wilmers, Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa.....Bowman & Co.
*Harrisburg, Va.....The Joseph Ney & Sons Company
Hartford, Conn.....Brawn Thomson, Inc.
Hastings, Neb.....Broch's, Ltd.
Herkimer, N. Y.....Munger's
Hibbing, Minn.....Herberger's, Inc.
*Honolulu, Hawaii.....Joy's Dept. Store
Hopkinsville, Ky.....Morton's, Inc.
Hornell, N. Y.....Tuttle & Rockwell Co.
*Houston, Texas.....Palais Royal
*Huntington, W. Va.....Huntington Dry Goods Co.
Hutchinson, Kans.....Willey Dry Goods Co.
Idaho Falls, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
*Jackson, Mich.....Stillman Dry Goods Co.
Jackson, Miss.....R. E. Kennington Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.....Cohen Bros.
*Jamestown, N. Y.....Abrahamson Bigelow Co.
*Johnstown, Pa.....Penn Traffic Co.
Joliet, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
Jonesboro, Ark.....Heinemann Dry Goods Co.
Kankakee, Ill.....The Fair Stores Co.
*Kansas City, Mo.....Adler's
*Kingston, N. Y.....London's Youth Center
*Knoxville, Tenn.....S. H. George & Sons Co.
La Crosse, Wis.....Stevenson's, Inc.
*Lake Worth, Fla.....Federated Stores
Lancaster, Pa.....M. T. Garvin & Co.
Lawiston, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Lewiston, Me.....B. Peck Co.
*Lexington, Ky.....Ben Snyder, Inc.
Lima, Ohio.....The Leader Store
*Lincoln, Neb.....Gold & Co.
Logan, Utah.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Long Beach, Calif.....Walker's
Los Angeles, Calif.....The May Co.
Louisville, Ky.....Stewart Dry Goods Company
Lynchburg, Va.....Guggenheimer's, Inc.
Macon, Ga.....Burden Smith & Co.
*Madison, Wis.....Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
*Mankato, Minn.....Geo. E. Brett Co.
Manchester, N. H.....James W. Hill Co.
Marysville, Calif.....Jay's Town Shop
*Mason City, Iowa.....Eaton's
Massillon, Ohio.....The M. O'Neill Co.
Meadville, Pa.....The Crawford Store
*Memphis, Tenn.....B. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc.
*Meridian, Miss.....Alex Loeb, Inc.
Middletown, N. Y.....Tompkins Dry Goods Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.....Ed. Schuster & Co.
*Minot, N. D.....Stevenson's
Minneapolis, Minn.....Powers
Mobile, Ala.....Harry's
Moline, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
Montgomery, Ala.....The Vanity
Morgantown, W. Va.....Kaufman's
Murfreesboro, Tenn.....Goldstein's
Nashville, Tenn.....Castner Knott Dry Goods Co.
Newark, N. J.....Kroger-Newark
New Britain, Conn.....Raphael's
New London, Conn.....The Juvenile Shop
*New Orleans, La.....D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
New Rochelle, N. Y.....Weber's
*New York, N. Y.....Gimbel Bros.
*Norfolk, Va.....Smith & Walton
*Northampton, Mass.....McCallum's Dept. Store
*Oakland, Calif.....Hale Bros.
Ogden, Utah.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Ogdensburg, N. Y.....Surprise Mobs. Co.
*Oklahoma City, Okla.....John A. Brown Co.
Omaha, Neb.....Brandel's Dept. Store
Oneonta, N. Y.....Broese's Oneonta Dept. Store
*Orlando, Fla.....Yowell-Draw-Ivey Co.
Ottawa, Can.....A. J. Fraiman Dept. Store, Ltd.
Painesville, Ohio.....Gail G. Grant, Inc.
*Parkersburg, W. Va.....The Surplus Store
Paterson, N. J.....Quackenbush Co.
Peoria, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
Perry, N. Y.....Royce & Wright
Phoenix, Ariz.....Karricks Inc.
*Philadelphia, Pa.....Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburg, Kansas.....Ramsay Bros. Stores Co.
*Pittsburgh, Pa.....Rosenbaum's
Pittsfield, Mass.....England Brothers
Pontiac, Mich.....Waite's, Inc.
*Portland, Me.....Owen Moore & Co.
Portland, Ore.....Meier & Frank Co.
*Portsmouth, Ohio.....Marling Bros.
*Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....Wallace Company
Providence, R. I.....Cherry & Webb Co.
Pueblo, Colo.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
*Quincy, Mass.....Gilchrist Co.
Racine, Wis.....Zahn Dry Goods Co.
Rapid City, S. D.....Baron's
Reading, Pa.....Pomeroy's, Inc.
Richland, Wash.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Roanoke, Va.....S. H. Heironimus Co.
*Rochester, Minn.....Stevenson's, Inc.
*Rochester, N. Y.....Edward's
Rockford, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
Rockford, Ill.....Hess Bros.
Rock Island, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
*Sacramento, Calif.....Weinstock Lub
Saginaw, Mich.....Wm. C. Wichmann Co.
St. Cloud, Minn.....Herberger-Hart Co.
St. Louis, Mo.....Famous-Barr Co.
St. Paul, Minn.....Golden Rule Dept. Store
Salt Lake City, Utah.....Auerbach Co.
San Angelo, Texas.....Solomon's Women's Wear
San Antonio, Texas.....Jack & Jill
*San Bernardino, Calif.....The Harris Company
Sandusky, Ohio.....The Cohn Store
*San Jose, Calif.....Hale Bros.
*San Francisco, Calif.....Hale Bros.
Schenectady, N. Y.....The Carl Company
*Scranton, Pa.....Cleland-Simpson Company
Seattle, Wash.....The Ben Marche
Sheboygan, Wis.....H. C. Prange Co.
Sioux City, Iowa.....Davidson Bros. Co.
*South Bend, Ind.....Robertson Bros. Dept. Store, Inc.
Spartanburg, S. C.....Collins Dept. Store
Spokane, Wash.....The Crescent
*Springfield, Ill.....Myers Bros.
Springfield, Mass.....Forbes & Wallace
Springfield, Mo.....Hess's, Inc.
*Springfield, Ohio.....Phillips Company
Stamford, Conn.....C. O. Miller Co.
*Syracuse, N. Y.....L. A. Witherill, Inc.
Tacoma, Wash.....Rhodes Bros.
*Terre Haute, Ind.....Hertz Store, Inc.
Toledo, Ohio.....The Lion Dry Goods Co.
*Toronto, Canada.....Northway's
Torrington, Conn.....The W. W. Mertz Co.
Trenton, N. J.....S. P. Dunham & Co., Inc.
*Tulsa, Okla.....The Frog Co., Inc.
Twin Falls, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Uniontown, Pa.....N. Kaufman's, Inc.
Utica, N. Y.....The Boston Store
Waco, Texas.....The Goldstein-Miguel Co.
*Walham, Mass.....Gilchrist Co.
Warren, Pa.....Meltzer Wright Co.
*Washington, D. C.....The Hecht Co.
Waterbury, Conn.....Worth's
Watertown, S. D.....Herberger, Inc.
Waukegan, Ill.....The Hein Co.
Wauson, Wis.....Winkelman's
*Weld, W. Va.....A. W. Cox Dept. Store
*Wheeling, W. Va.....Stone & Thomas
*Wichita, Kan.....Buck's, Inc.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.....Fowler, Dick & Walker
*Williamsport, Pa.....Brozman's
Wilmington, Del.....Kennard, Pyle Co.
Wilmington, Ohio.....The H. H. Thorne Co.
*Winona, Minn.....Stevenson's
*Winston-Salem, N. C.....The Anchor Co.
Woonsocket, R. I.....McCarthy's
*Worcester, Mass.....Denham & McKay Co.
Yakima, Wash.....Barnes Wadkin Co.
York, Pa.....The Ben-Ton Department Store
*Youngstown, Ohio.....G. M. McKelvey Co.
*Zanesville, Ohio.....H. Weber Sons & Co.

MEET JUNE ROSS ON THE NOVEMBER COVER.



WE love to discover new teen-age models for you, especially when we can launch them on our front cover! June Ross is our latest discovery—and we're certainly proud to introduce her on this month's cover.

June is fifteen years old. She's five feet two and a half, and she weighs 100 pounds. She's a fourth-termer at Corton High School in Yonkers. She got her

start as a model through an advertising agency and then enrolled as a Conover "professional." She hopes to study dramatics, so watch your local movie screen for June in a few years.

Her favorite record is still Chopin's "Polonaise," her favorite band is (surprise, surprise) Guy Lombardo, her favorite vocalist is Bing Crosby, and she only has sighs for Gregory Peck.

June is wearing Helene Pessl's Melinda lipstick in the new shade, "Play." Her evening skirt is by Betty Lane, her sweater by Hi-Girl, her sequined hair do-dad by Shirley Lipton, her Kodachrome on the cover by William Ward.

*Stores which sponsor the official CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air

If your city is not listed here, write for name of store to Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Four Swanderful Tips for a Teen-Queen's date book



"Thumbs down," say the boys
To those gooey red lips
And powder so thick
That it practically chips.



Be subtle with make-up—
A fresh clean skin clicks
Use baby-mild SWAN—
Like the other smooth chicks.



If you draw K. P.
On the nights you have dates
Don't fret in the kitchen
While poor Johnnie waits.



Get hep to SWAN SOAP!
That fast-sud-ing delight
Gets dishes done fast—
Leaves your hands smooth
and white.



Don't pour on that perfume
Till you fairly reek
Your dream-boy won't like it—
Then too, it's not chic.



But lather pure SWAN
From your top to your toes
It "babies" your skin—
Helps you bloom like a rose.



"Lxnay," say the lads, when
A gal's slip is showing.
(But if yours ever should—
Here's a tip worth knowing)



Dunk undies in SWAN!
Help 'em stay looking new!
SWAN'S gentle with dainties!
SWAN'S gentle with you!



Swan's pure as castile...it's a baby-mild dream
It's white and it floats...Swan Soap's on the beam



TUNE IN:

The Joan Davis Show
featuring Andy Russell
CBS, Monday Nights

"Don't waste Swan Soap—it's made from vital materials!"

very
"Select-Teen"
 sweater sets



Classics that rate "A" with campus queens and sub-teens! Bunny-soft 100% wool festives from the distinguished family of Select

sweaters that are the favorites of your senior sisters! Gay mix-or-match colors: baby pink or blue, school-house red, maize, white, cruise blue, beige, seacrest green.

Budget priced. Sizes 3 to 6 X, 7 to 14, 10 to 16. At leading stores everywhere.

* Reg.

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